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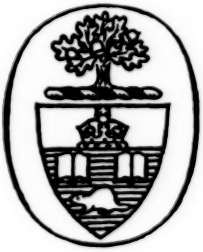

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AN EMINENT AND UNCONVENTIONAL VICTORIAN
MARY HENRIETTA KINGSLEY, 1862-1900

ALBERT COLBY COOKE

FIFTY years ago, when Mary Kingsley died on June 3, 1900, the journals of the English-speaking world, which had reviewed her three books on West Africa and published articles and letters from her pen, paid tribute to the life and work of a young woman who, in eight years of activity, achieved a remarkable reputation as a traveller, ethnologist, and critic of British colonial administration. Today her personality and writings are overshadowed by those of her uncle, the Reverend Charles Kingsley, but the social passion which characterized his early novels *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* was matched by her championship before the British public of the African native and her determination to make known his nature and his needs and to destroy the ignorance and apathy which she felt were to be found not only in unofficial circles but in the Colonial Office itself. Interest today in the condition of under-developed countries and the welfare of native peoples gives pertinence to the views on these matters of one who gave them much careful and anxious thought half a century ago.

Mary Kingsley's father was Dr. George Henry Kingsley who was eight years younger than Charles and three years older than Henry, who was also a novelist. He had secured his medical education at St. George's Hospital and in Edinburgh and Paris. It is characteristic of his adventurous spirit that he helped erect barricades in Paris in 1848 and got a musket ball through his arm for his pains. He had what his daughter described as "a joyous sense of life," and, to gratify his taste for adventure and to provide opportunity for foreign travel and the study of nature, he hit upon a unique way to practice his profession; this was to prescribe world cruises for titled and wealthy patients whom he accompanied as personal physician. In this way he travelled with the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Pembroke and others, through the Mediterranean, Egypt, the Aegean, Spain, the South Seas, Japan, the American West, and the Canadian North. Some of these expeditions are chronicled in his *Notes on Sport and Travel* and some in *South Sea Bubbles*, the latter written in collaboration with the Earl of Pembroke. He wrote, as he lived, with zest and gusto, and he had a great gift of graphic description coupled with scientific curiosity and a sense of humour, qualities which equally

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characterize the writings of his daughter. George Kingsley's descriptions of the South Seas, of buffalo hunting in Nebraska with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, of whaling and deer stalking, of the castles on the Rhine, and the pyramids and tombs and temples of Egypt, are lively and entertaining, and the full accounts of his adventures which he sent home during his absences of months at a time were eagerly awaited and devoured by his long-suffering family.

Mary Kingsley describes her mother as a woman of "extraordinary benevolence" with a "faculty for managing affairs of business" very valuable to her husband and family. "The only thing," she writes, "that ever tempted her to go about among her neighbours was to assist them when they were sick in mind, body or estate. So strongly marked a characteristic was this of our early home life, that to this day I always feel I have no right to associate with people unless there is something the matter with them."

During her father's long absences, Mary Kingsley read voraciously in his library, and, in the absence of any formal education, acquired a remarkable quantity of information in the fields of her father's interests—medicine, Elizabethan literature, ethnology, travel, natural science, and philosophy. When the family moved to Cambridge for the education of her younger brother Charles, she read Darwin and Huxley, Tyndall and Lyell, and was introduced to an intellectual circle of friends of her father who found the rather angular, awkward girl interesting and intelligent. She learned German that she might help her father by reading for him works on ethnology, magic, and primitive religion, and it was his researches in this field that she resolved to complete after his death.

In 1892 George Kingsley died suddenly from a heart attack following rheumatic fever, and six weeks later his wife also died, not so unexpectedly, for Mary Kingsley had for years been the mainstay of her ailing mother and for months had been nursing her through a painful and distressing illness. Of this crisis in her life she writes:

> And then, when the fight was lost, when there were no more odd jobs anyone wanted me to do at home, I, out of my life in books, found something to do that my father had cared for, something for which I had been taught German, so that I could do for him odd jobs in it.
>
> It was the study of early religion and law, and for it I had to go to West Africa and I went there, proceeding on the even tenour of my way, doing odd jobs and trying to understand things, pursuing knowledge under difficulties with unbroken devotion.

This last sentence, says her biographer Stephen Gwynn, is the brief epitome of the rest of her story.

She used to say that she went to Africa to hunt fish and fetish. By "fetish" she meant the religion of the natives of West Africa. And so, in a sense, she did, but there was a deeper reason which she discloses to a friend in a letter of rare self-revelation.

> . . . dead tired and feeling no one had need of me any more, when my Mother and Father died within six weeks of each other in '92, and my Brother went off to the East, I went down to West Africa to die. West Africa amused me and was kind to me and was scientifically interesting —and did not want to kill me just then. I am in no hurry. I don't care one way or the other, for a year or so. Well then my Brother came back and I came home to look after him domestically as long as he wants me to do so. I must do it, it is duty: the religion I was brought up in. When he does not want me, I go back to West Africa for the third time, perfectly content to stay there if it chooses. It is not the restful kind of place I thought it—it is just as fond of giving me odd jobs as up here has been, but take it as a whole, I like the sort of Englishman that gives me odd jobs to do in West Africa better than I like the people in London drawing-rooms. They seem better worth bothering after.

In West Africa she found much to interest her, opportunity, for the first time, to live her own life, something to work at, something to live for, but when she did return to Africa a third time, on this occasion to South Africa, from this voyage she did not come back.

When Mary Kingsley decided to go to West Africa she had been outside of England only twice. Once she had been taken for a week to Paris by a friend of the family, probably Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, who was to write the brief account of her in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* and just after the death of her parents, when she was thirty years of age, she made a visit to the Canary Islands. It seems to have been on this trip that she decided on her course of action.

The account of her preparations which she gives in the Introduction to the *Travels in West Africa* is most diverting. Her friends did their best to discourage her by pointing out the dangers. "Oh, you can't possibly go *there,*" one said, "that's where Sierra Leone is, the white man's grave, you know. Deadliest spot on earth." Someone else kindly sent her the review of a book entitled *Phrases in Common Use in Dahomey.* The opening sentence of this useful work read, "Help, I am drowning. . . . The boat is upset." To the question, "Why has not this man been buried?" the cheerful answer was given, "It is fetish that has killed him, and he must lie here exposed with nothing on him until only the bones remain." "This sounded discouraging," says Mary Kingsley, "to a person whose occupation would necessitate going about considerably in boats, and whose fixed desire was to study fetish."

The final bit of advice came from a man who had resided for seven years on the Gold Coast.

> When you have made up your mind to go to Africa, the very best thing you can do is to get it unmade again and go to Scotland instead; but if your intelligence is not strong enough to do so, abstain from exposing yourself to the direct rays of the sun, take four grains of quinine every day for a fortnight before you reach the Rivers, and get some introduction to the Wesleyans; they are the only people on the Coast who have a hearse with feathers.

She left England in August, 1893. Of this trip she writes:

> On my first voyage out I did not know the Coast, and the Coast did not know me, and we mutually terrified each other. I fully expected to get killed by the local nobility and gentry; they thought I was connected with the World's Women's Temperance Association, and collecting shocking details for subsequent magic-lantern lectures on the liquor-traffic; so, fearful misunderstanding arose, but we gradually educated each other, and I had the best of the affair; for all I had got to teach them was that I was only a beetle and fetish hunter, and so forth, while they had to teach me a new world, and a very fascinating course of study I found it.

In Africa her travels began at St. Paul de Loanda, in Portuguese territory. From there she came up through the Congo Free State into the French Congo, and finally into British territory at Old Calabar. She returned to England in January, 1894.

Her second journey, which began just before Christmas of the same year, took her briefly to Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. She then spent several months on the Oil Rivers but says little of this episode in her books. Her principal explorations were carried out in the French Congo. Beginning at Lambaréné, where Dr. Albert Schweitzer now has his hospital, this woman, who never trusted herself on a bicycle nor felt safe on the top of an omnibus, undertook the long ascent of the Ogowé Rapids in a native canoe paddled by four Igalwas. She journeyed overland from the Ogowé to the Rembwé River, penetrating almost unexplored territory, the country of the cannibal Fans, where she hoped to secure valuable ethnological data. On returning to the coast, she made the first ascent from the south-east of the Great Peak of Cameroons.

On November 30, 1895, she arrived back in England, and on the publication of her first book, *Travels in West Africa*, in 1897, she found herself famous. Two years later her second and third books appeared, *West African Studies* and *The Story of West Africa*.

It was a remarkable young woman whom the public now came to know. She was tall, slight, and rather angular with clear grey eyes,

fair hair, and a wide humorous mouth. She dressed habitually in black and wore the same kind of clothes in Africa as she wore in England. Anything less like the intrepid woman explorer it would be hard to imagine. Her manner was frank and direct, and her speech, in startling contrast to her well-bred contralto voice, was off-hand and slangy. She almost invariably dropped her *h*'s. In time she became an accomplished and popular lecturer as well as a writer, and she used her natural spontaneous humour to gain a hearing for the ideas and causes which lay so near her heart. Behind her high spirits there was a humility and a sincerity which no one who heard her or knew her could fail to discover and to appreciate. Her courage was proved on many occasions in the course of her African expeditions, as, for example, when she went out into the bush alone at night to release a leopard from a trap, or when she set out in a canoe to teach the natives how to catch a crocodile with a hook, a method she had learned from her reading. She usually made light of her encounters with animals. "Once an hippopotamus and I were on an island together, and I wanted one of us to leave. I preferred it should be myself, but the hippo was close to my canoe, and looked like staying, so I made cautious and timorous advances to him and finally scratched him behind the ear with my umbrella and we parted on good terms."

It would be possible to make a considerable list of the discomforts and dangers of travel as she reports them: the festering sores from insect bites, the elephant ticks that had to be cut out with a knife, the leeches that made a collar round her neck and covered her wrists and hands as she waded through swamps and left her weak from loss of blood, the bogs themselves in which there was every possibility of disappearing "with a glug," as she says, the snakes and scorpions that fell onto beds in grass-covered huts, the elephant trap, fifteen feet deep, into which she fell, landing on pointed ebony stakes fixed in the bottom but saved from serious injury by her voluminous skirt, an advantage not enjoyed by one of her porters who fell into another a few minutes later and was hauled out "a good deal frayed at the edges." Once she was stalked as a wild animal by a native. There is literal truth in her description of West Africa as a place where "you feel that at any moment, day or night, you have but to stretch your hand and you could lay it on the clammy skin of King Death himself."

Why, one may ask, did she put up with all this? What was she really doing? Besides satisfying her own desire for action and experience, she was trading; she was collecting specimens of various kinds which she brought home in good shape; and she was securing the

knowledge of native life and custom, law and religion which was to make her a respected ethnological authority on the regions she had visited. She was devoting herself to the "fish and fetish" for which she had come to Africa.

Mary Kingsley became a trader in a small way, partly to pay her expenses. "I started on the Coast with £300 and by doing a little in rubber and ivory I made that capital do." But there was another more important reason which she explains.

> To get to the real African the ethnologist must go right away into the fastnesses of the forest, sit and gossip at village fires, become the confidential friend of witch doctors and old ladies, and he must go alone, without an armed expedition which will wall him off from the residential African. This sort of life he can comparatively easily lead if he will learn the trade details of the locality sufficiently to enable him to pass as a trader; in the wildest districts he is reasonable to the African mind if he appears in this guise, and he is safer than he has any right to expect under the circumstances, and the amount of information he can pick up is immense. . . .

Certainly she herself picked up an immense amount of information, and one may well ask how she secured so much in so short a time. Part of the answer lies in the effectiveness of the method which she recommends. All the time that she was travelling in the bush, living with the Fans or trading with other tribes, she was observing and questioning, and at night, when her exhausted guides were asleep, she was writing up her note books. She learned much simply by living, as far as possible, the life of the people among whom she found herself, natives, missionaries, traders, government officials. Moreover she had fifteen years of ethnological reading in English and German behind her when she went to Africa. She knew what to look for, what questions to ask, and how to ask them.

Perhaps her most valuable asset was an almost uncanny ability to understand the native mind. This came partly from her knowledge, but in much larger measure from her sensibility which enabled her to rid her mind of European prepossessions more readily than other anthropologists and to "think black." She herself says characteristically that she believes this can best be done by Europeans like herself who are not too civilized. And then, more seriously: "I beg you will not think from my claiming this power that I am making an idle boast; for I have risked my life for months at a time on this one chance of my being able to know the way people were thinking around me, and of my being able to speak to them in a way that they would recognize as just, true and logical."

In this connection Professor W. K. Hancock has said that Mary Kingsley had the three cardinal virtues of the great historian: attachment, justice, and span. By attachment he means self-implication in the thought, emotions, and actions of the life which is being studied, self-forgetfulness, and sympathetic insight. By justice he means fairness to all parties. If attachment threatened to make her a partisan of one way of life, that of the native or the trader, justice redressed the balance, and she gave credit where it was due to the missionary or the administrator. Her sense of justice came from her scientific attachment to truth, her habit of criticizing first assumptions in the light of new facts. By span he means the range of her vision as well as of her knowledge, her grasp of essentials, awareness of background, sense of perspective and of the relations of one thing to another. She hated sweeping generalizations, but, as a scientist, knew the need of general principles to give coherence to things which at first seem distinct.

This is why fetish, or native religion, plays so large a part in her thought. It is the clue to an understanding of the African. As she explains it,

> his conception of the status of man in nature is the ruling thing in his life and action: for whether he be altered by outside influence or no, the African can never say "Oh, one must be practical, you know! That's all right from a religious point of view, but one must be practical." To be practical, to get on in this world, the African must be right from his religious point of view all the time, therefore, to understand him you must understand that religious point of view to its very root and go and study it in an unadulterated form.

If one asks what her contributions to ethnology were, this emphasis on the religious basis of native thought is one of the most important. If it seems obvious today, one must remember that cultural anthropology was a new science in the nineties. Her friend Dr. E. B. Tylor became the first professor of anthropology at Oxford in 1896, and his great work on *Primitive Culture* had appeared in 1871. Mary Kingsley herself complains of the general lack of appreciation in England of the work of the ethnologist. "But whatever good, says England, can these ethnologists be? How can Professor So-and-So's massive monograph on the way certain savages do their back hair, or Professor Somebody-Else's paper on tatooing read before a society made up of similar old frumps interest or matter to busy, practical people?" But if the general public was not much interested in ethnology, the learned world listened appreciatively and read with interest what Mary Kingsley had to say about fetish and other aspects of native life.

With the importance of native religion as a clue, Mary Kingsley went on to work out the effects and significance of the impact of European civilization on native culture. As she saw it, four hundred years of contact with Europe had not improved the lot of the African. On the contrary, tribal life was breaking down, old authorities were being disregarded, new concepts of property, law, morality, were leaving the African confused and fearful. She hoped that the white races, with the help of anthropological knowledge and a sense of justice, might bring to the African not only European technology, which would help him to master his environment, but peace and freedom to develop in accordance with his special aptitudes and powers.

In partitioning Africa among themselves, all the European powers had assumed responsibilities toward the people they found there, but Mary Kingsley was particularly distressed because the British, who had, she felt, so much to give, had failed so signally through ignorance and indifference. She used every resource she possessed, her fame as a traveller, her knowledge, her humour, her time and strength and her remarkable intelligence to bring before the British public, through books, periodical articles, letters to the papers and public lectures, the nature and measure of their responsibility. In the course of this work, which occupied her from 1896 to 1900, she had something to say about the native himself, about missionaries and their work, about the traders and British commerce, and about administration and the colonial system.

With regard to the African, she was determined to correct three erroneous views which she found fixed in the public mind. The first view was Kipling's "half devil and half child," for whom the white man's civilizing burden must be taken up. Too often this "fiend-child" view of the native was used to justify either his extermination or his virtual enslavement, under the pretext of civilizing him through forced labour. The second erroneous view was that the native was in a state of arrested development. This, she said, was only a phrase used to cloak whatever we do not understand in African thought or society. It was also used to suggest that he was incapable of further development or of benefiting from assistance. The third unfortunate misconception of the native was that he was the same as the white man, the "man and brother" view of many missionaries and philanthropists. The native was really different, and, Mary Kingsley believed, inferior in some ways to the European. But if he lacked mechanical ingenuity and had never equipped himself with the appliances of civilization, he had "constructed a society, formed communities, de-

veloped languages, divided and protected property, and evolved the thought of a spirit world—all in relation to African conditions and surroundings." He was not without a sense of beauty, patriotism, justice. His belief in the permeation of all material things by spiritual forces gave to the fetish system the status of religion.

It was obvious, then, that he had his own mind-form, different from the European, but within that form the sympathetic observer could see the human spirit seeking self-expression, self-realization, perhaps higher manifestations. Since the mind-form of the African was different and had been developed in relation to a different environment, it was worse than useless, Mary Kingsley felt, to try to make him into a black European, to attempt to destroy his traditional loyalties, legal concepts, and religious beliefs.

She was critical of the missionaries because she believed many of them attempted to do just this and to substitute Christianity for indigenous beliefs. Their motives, however, were above reproach. As she put it,

> Missionaries are to my mind men and women who for their Belief throw down their lives before God in order to save millions of human beings, when their brief span of earthly life is run, from everlasting torment. If these missionaries risked their skins to save a few people's earthly lives from a burning house in London, the Christian general public would realize the nobility of their self-sacrifice and their intention vividly, and would never speak of missionaries in the slighting way they all too often do.

For some of the French missionaries in the Congo, and for her friend Mary Slessor, whom she visited in Calabar, she had unbounded admiration.

Her attitude to Christianity, like that of her father, was certainly not that of an orthodox Christian. To an educated African she wrote, "I yield to no one in admiration for Jesus Christ, and I believe in the Divine origin, but the religion His ministers preached I have never been able to believe in." As an ethnologist she was interested in all manifestations of religious feeling. Though she described herself as "a Darwinian to the core," she also referred to the beliefs of the African as "a pantheism which I confess is a form of my own religion," and she found in Nature a mysterious spirit which she called the *Erd-geist,* before which she felt awed and humble.

If the missionaries as a class received no more than moderate approval from Mary Kingsley, the traders won her almost unqualified admiration. She admired their enterprise and initiative, their endurance of hardship and danger with little understanding or help

from governments. More than that, they were performing an indispensable service to British industry in supplying it with its raw materials and disposing of its products. Full employment in British industry meant prosperity, individual and national, and provided the basis of national defence; trade also benefited the African native, providing the means to maintain the higher population which was not now being reduced by the slave trade and native wars.

Most important of all, perhaps, in Mary Kingsley's thought, the trader was often prepared to step in and establish a British connection which the government was not yet willing to undertake. When the flag followed trade, as in Nigeria, it meant the establishment of order and justice. To no one does Mary Kingsley give greater praise for far-sighted statesmanship and patriotism than to Sir George Goldie of the Royal Niger Company and the real founder of Nigeria, and by no one was her own thought on administrative problems more influenced.

The British Empire was, she believed, a great force for good in the world and the more of the world it included the better. She described herself as "a hardened, unreformed, Imperial Expansionist," and her admiration for the trader grew out of her belief that he was an agent in a beneficent process. She deplored the fact that this was so little understood in England, where public opinion was divided or fluctuated between a sentimental, humanitarian anti-imperialism and a brash, provocative jingoism, both of which she thoroughly detested.

Of the trader she wrote:

> He is a warrior fighting for England in the great commercial war now raging between her and the other powers throughout the world. He is fighting for the hearths and homes of England, just as the soldier fights the red war. . . . England's youngest, tenderest infant ideals, so long as they are healthy and sane, are as safe in the West Coast traders' hands as her good old tough one is, (fight fair and fight to win), for they are strong-minded, sane, honourable men, who have an accumulated knowledge, a knowledge which their relationships with the native daily expands, of the conditions which surround the West African and of the man himself. . . . Never have I known a West Coast trader, English, French or German, who was a curse to the African.

Quite as controversial as her imperialism and her championship of commerce as a civilizing agency was Mary Kingsley's attitude to the liquor traffic in West Africa, which she made clear in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. The missionaries and humanitarians, she contended, exaggerate, for their own purposes, both the extent and the evils of the traffic. They represent the African as the innocent

victim of European cupidity, suffering racial deterioration through the consumption of imported poison. Her answer was that trade spirits are not poison; she had had a bottle analysed. They are cheap because they are weak. As for the African, he is in no danger of dying out; he belongs to a strong and virile race. He has long drunk liquor of his own manufacture, palm wine, which is worse for him than imported spirits. In fact, he is a more sober person than the Englishman; you can see more drunkenness on Saturday night in the Vauxhall Road than in a West African coast town. Finally, liquor is a legitimate part of European commerce, and if the government puts on a high duty to limit the traffic, as some temperance advocates urge, the native will either make his own liquor or buy it from the French and Germans. In either case government will lose its revenue from customs duties and British trade will suffer.

This alignment with the pro-liquor party both won and lost her friends in England. The Liverpool traders, who were deeply involved in the liquor business, hailed her as an unexpected ally. Missionary, philanthropic, and temperance organizations were much disappointed by her stand. Even her great hero, Sir George Goldie, who had kept liquor out of the Niger Company's northern territories, was arrayed on the other side. He wrote: "I speak from sixteen years' experience, and I say confidently, that unless immediate steps are taken to stop this traffic, not by higher duties, but by absolute prohibition, a state of things will soon be brought about that must ultimately lead to the entire abandonment of the country. I cannot believe that the conscience of Europe will long allow that the vast populous regions of tropical Africa should be used only as a cesspool for European alcohol." Similarly, Major F. D. Lugard, soldier and administrator in Nigeria, and later a great authority on colonial questions, deplored the moral effect on the African, the loss of native purchasing power, and the dependence of government on the liquor traffic as a source of revenue.

The same independent judgment which Mary Kingsley brought to bear on the liquor traffic she applied to the whole British system of colonial administration. European influence had come to West Africa with the trader, the missionary, and the official, who represented the three related elements of every state—the commercial, the religious, and the governmental. It was the duty of government, she felt, to co-ordinate the knowledge and energies of these three representatives of progressive European society, and to use them in the interests of the native society, whose needs it was equally the responsibility of government to understand. In this fundamental task the

British government had failed dismally. It was ignorant of conditions, and did not draw on the special knowledge of traders, missionaries, ethnologists, and even its own officials in order to frame a colonial policy appropriate alike to the needs of Britain and Africa. In fact, it had no economic policy and no native policy. It had good intentions and little more. Characteristically she wrote: "All I know is that the actions of the Home government toward West Africa since 1823 have been in the main a set of things only fit to put in a bag with a brick and sink in the Thames at Westminster on a moonless night." Yet Britain's very presence on the coast was undermining the foundation of primitive or medieval native society. As she explained in *West African Studies*:

> The destruction of what is good in the thirteenth century level, and the fact that when the nineteenth century has had its way the main result is seedy and demoralized Natives, is the thing that must make all thinking men wonder if, after all, such work is from the high moral point of view worth the nineteenth century's doing. I so often think when I hear of the progress of civilisation, and our duty towards the lower races talked of, as if these words were in themselves Ju Ju, of that improving fable of the kind-hearted she-elephant, who, while walking out one day, inadvertently trod upon a partridge and killed it, and observing near at hand the bird's nest full of callow fledglings, dropped a tear, and saying "I have the feelings of a mother myself," sat down upon the brood. This is precisely what England representing the nineteenth century is doing in Africa. She destroys the guardian institutions, drops a tear and sits upon the brood with motherly intentions; and pesky warm sitting she finds it. . . . "Ah!" you will say, "yes, it is sad, but it is inevitable." I do not think it *is* inevitable, unless you have no intellectual constructive Statecraft and are merely in the line of the automaton. If you will try Science, all the evils of the clash between two culture periods could be avoided, and you could assist these West Africans in their thirteenth-century state to rise into their nineteenth-century state without having the hard fight for it which you have had. . . . There is absolutely no perceivable reason why you should not do it if you will try Science, and master the knowledge of the Native and his country.

If Britain were to use the knowledge of the native and of African conditions that could be supplied by her colonial officials, by ethnologists, by missionaries, and especially by traders, she continued, Britain would alter her administrative principles and machinery so as to conserve the most valuable asset in West Africa, the native himself. All British West African territories could be placed under the authority of an African Council sitting in England and consisting mostly of representatives nominated by the Chambers of Commerce of the cities engaged in the African trade. This body would co-ordinate policy, vote supplies, and make appointments. In Africa, the local authority

of chiefs should be recognized and native principles of government maintained as far as possible. Progress would come through the assistance given to native rulers by British district commissioners and sub-commissioners, much as under modern indirect rule. Educated natives would be given special opportunities to live a European type of life in the towns which would become the headquarters of the British officials and where European traders would exercise extensive powers. Native land would not be confiscated and direct taxation would not be imposed. Revenue for administration and economic development would come largely from duties on goods sent from Europe to Africa and from a tobacco monopoly. Trade would be encouraged both for the sake of revenue and as a civilizing agency. In this way progress would be combined with conservation under a system of indirect rule, utilizing both traditional native loyalties and Western science.

Some of these ideas Mary Kingsley borrowed from Sir George Goldie, some represent her reaction to what she regarded as British blunders, the result of ignorance, as, for instance, the imposition of a hut tax in Sierra Leone which caused rioting and bloodshed. If modern indirect rule as practised and explained by Lord Lugard and Sir Donald Cameron grew out of the necessities of the situation, its basic principles are, nevertheless, recognizable in Mary Kingsley's chapters on the Crown Colony system in her *West African Studies*. If today one questions the wisdom of giving the trader so large a share in government, one must remember her own sense of obligation to the traders of West Africa and her belief in their fundamental honesty and patriotism. She also shared with Livingstone the belief that commerce could elevate the African economically and culturally, and she had an unshakable faith in the ability of the native to survive even radical changes in his way of life, provided only Britain saw to it that he received justice.

It is scarcely surprising that a person with as strong a sense of duty as Mary Kingsley, whose life had largely been spent, as she said, in doing odd jobs for those who needed her, and who believed as strongly as she did in the British Empire, should find in the South African War both an appeal to her patriotism and a demand for her services.

After a little more than four years in England devoted to writing and speaking on Africa, she concluded a lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute in February, 1900 with the words, "Good-bye and fare you well, for I am homeward bound." Early the next month she left for the Cape, ostensibly to collect freshwater fish from the Orange River,

actually to offer her services in any capacity in which she might be needed. At Cape Town she found hospitals overcrowded and doctors and nurses few and overworked, and she volunteered for nursing services. She was sent to Palace Hospital at Simonstown where Boer prisoners were cared for—one nurse to a hundred patients. For two months she served with her usual efficiency to the limits of her strength and beyond; then she contracted enteric fever and died on June 3, 1900. Before her death she asked the medical officer that she might be buried at sea. It was perhaps the only request she had ever made for herself. She was buried with full military and naval honours. Her coffin, covered with the Union Jack, was drawn on a gun-carriage from the Palace Hospital to the pier. From a torpedo boat off Cape Point her body was committed to the sea.

Because Mary Kingsley felt so strongly the need to make Africa and its problems better known and understood in England and had devoted the last years of her life to the task, when her friends came to consider a fitting memorial to her memory it was decided to form an association devoted to the collection and dissemination of such information. The African Society, commended by Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, and presided over by Sir George Goldie, came into existence at a favourable time, when the South African War and Mary Kingsley's own work had focused attention on Africa and when new energy was beginning to characterize the Colonial Office. Today the official publication of the Royal African Society, *African Affairs*, carries on its title-page the new crest of the organization, a relief map of Africa, instead of the medallion portrait formerly used; but the words still appear, "Founded in 1901 in memory of Mary Kingsley."

Today most of Mary Kingsley's views regarding the African, his character, his society, and his needs find ready acceptance. Ethnologists acknowledge the soundness of her findings. The Colonial Office has long since shaken off its apathy toward Africa and has inaugurated or assisted innumerable projects of development and welfare. Indirect rule has for more than a generation been the official policy in most African colonies, and is now giving way to the concept of partnership and still wider forms of self-government. Much of this is, of course, the work of time. No individual however influential could have effected such changes. And as Mary Kingsley's biographer has pointed out, "her whole individual working life falls into a period of eight years; her public career barely covered four, and she was virtually fighting a lone-hand campaign." But she was a most effective propagandist, disarming opposition to her views by her humour and humility, and

carrying conviction to many by her first-hand knowledge and obvious sincerity.

At the time of her death many periodicals published appreciative and discerning obituary notices. All were characterized not only by respect and admiration for her achievements but by a sense of personal loss and by a feeling of affection which she seems to have inspired in all who knew her. A characteristic tribute was that which appeared in the *Athenaeum*:

> It is difficult in speaking of the premature death of Miss Mary Kingsley not to use language which to those who did not know her, or who knew her, as it were, from the outside, may seem to savour of exaggeration. To those, on the other hand, who knew her as she was, with all the variety of her richly endowed nature, her commanding intellect, her keen insight, her originality, her tenderness, her simplicity, her absolute freedom from cant or pretence, her delightful humour, her extraordinary grasp of the problems, physical, ethnological, or political, to which as occasion arose she turned her attention, any attempt to portray her character, or to estimate by how much the world is poorer by her loss must fall short of the reality.

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THE CHARACTER AND PERFORMANCE OF CHAUCER'S FRANKLIN

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CHAUCERIANS have long been aware of a dramatic principle which Chaucer seems to have used in the writing of *The Canterbury Tales*. This principle is that a tale is suited to its teller; or, more exactly, that a pilgrim's performance in the body of *The Canterbury Tales* should be read in the light of that pilgrim's character as presented in the General Prologue, and of the circumstances surrounding the performance. Chaucer's subtlety and the unfinished state of the *Tales* leave room for wide difference of opinion as to the degree and the fashion in which this dramatic principle operates in the performances by a number of the pilgrims. Nevertheless, the majority of recent critics have borne in mind Professor Kittredge's forceful warning that when Chaucer seems in *The Canterbury Tales* to have nodded to the extent of forgetting his dramatic principle, there is the ever present possibility that the critic is nodding for lack of knowledge or perception.[1] Thus, within the last few years we have seen articles pointing to hitherto unrecognized possibilities of dramatic suitability. For example, the Miller-Reeve antagonism is said to be motivated by the Miller's having been in his youth the Robin of his own tale, and thereby having heard of the Reeve's cuckolding;[2] and we are shown that the Man of Law's Tale fittingly includes legal phraseology from canon law concerning marriages between Christians and Mohammedans;[3] further, it seems likely that the Second Nun's calling herself "unworthy son of Eve" was a not unusual utterance for nuns in Chaucer's day;[4] and there are those who argue that the Merchant's marital experience was similar to January's.[5] True, such arguments often will not be unanimously approved, but they must be given serious consideration by any critic concerned with the workings of the dramatic principle in *The Canterbury Tales*, and the advantage should rest with the critic who finds artistic consistency, so long as his theory is firmly based upon Chaucer's text itself and upon our knowledge of Chaucer's times.

[1]G. L. Kittredge, *Chaucer and His Poetry* (Cambridge, Mass., 1920), 151.
[2]R. A. Pratt, "Was Robyn the Miller's Youth Misspent?" *Modern Language Notes*, LIX, 1944, 47-9.
[3]P. E. Beichner, "Chaucer's Man of Law and *Disparitas Cultus*," *Speculum*, XXIII, 1948, 70-5.
[4]W. B. Gardner, "Chaucer's 'Unworthy Sone of Eve,'" *University of Texas Studies in English*, XXVI, 1947, 77-83.
[5]G. G. Sedgewick, "The Structure of *The Merchant's Tale*," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XVII, 1947, 337-45.

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Now when we examine carefully the critical comment on the Franklin's Tale we find a difficult state of affairs with regard to the suitability of this story to its teller. Schofield,[6] Root,[7] Kittredge,[8] and Gerould,[9] though they analysed the Franklin and his performance from varying points of view, agreed that the tale was admirably suited to him; more recent writers, however, find it impossible to imagine the "son of Epicurus" as the teller of the story of Dorigen, Arveragus, and the black rocks of Brittany.[10]

Such sharp difference of opinion leads one to a re-examination of the whole question. In the course of this re-examination I shall suggest (1) that Chaucer presents the Franklin as a man whose knowledge of and regard for the practical everyday world are joined with a strong desire for social advancement; (2) that each of the Franklin's appearances in *The Canterbury Tales* bears out this appraisal of him; and (3) that this appraisal not only accounts for certain incongruities in the Franklin's Tale but also makes apparent the suitability of this tale to its teller.

Before considering the pertinent sections of *The Canterbury Tales,* we should review briefly the information set forth by Professor Manly in connection with Chaucer's Franklin.[11] A franklin named John Bussy was a close neighbour and associate in Lincolnshire of Thomas Pynchbek, whom Manly suggested as the possible model for the Man of Law. Pynchbek was on the opposite side politically from Chaucer, offended Chaucer's friend William Beauchamp, and signed a writ for Chaucer's arrest. It may be, Manly argued, that the Franklin, as companion of the Man of Law, is modelled after Bussy. Chaucerian scholarship, after almost twenty-five years, is apparently willing—if we judge from Miss Bowden's recent *Commentary on the General Prologue*—to grant Manly all but certainty in the identification of Pynchbek, and a high degree of likelihood in the case of Bussy.[12] Thus Chaucer's satiric treatment of the Man of Law presumably should be read in the light of Pynchbek's activities. Now Manly also pointed out that Bussy was regarded as a man who sought to imitate the ways

[6]W. H. Schofield, "Chaucer's *Franklin's Tale*," *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,* XVI, 1901, 405-49.

[7]R. K. Root, *The Poetry of Chaucer* (rev. ed., Boston, 1934), 271-7.

[8]Kittredge, *Chaucer and His Poetry,* 205-10; and "Chaucer's Discussion of Marriage," *Modern Philology,* IX, 1911-12, 435-67.

[9]G. H. Gerould, "The Social Status of Chaucer's Franklin," *PMLA,* LXI, 1926, 262-79.

[10]E.g., J. R. Hulbert, "'The Canterbury Tales' and Their Narrators," *Studies in Philology,* XLV, 1945, 574; and N. Coghill, *The Poet Chaucer* (London, 1949), 165-6.

[11]J. M. Manly, *Some New Light on Chaucer* (New York, 1926), 157-68.

[12]Muriel Bowden, *A Commentary on the General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (New York, 1948), 172, 177.

of the nobility, and both Root and Kittredge argued that the Franklin's conversation with the Squire indicates his ambitions for his family to join the ranks of the nobility. Of course, neither the identification of Bussy as model nor the interpretation stressing the Franklin's social aspirations can be proved absolutely. But the two points match surprisingly well and in my opinion afford sufficient reason for our attempting to determine the extent to which Chaucer's Franklin exhibits his social aspirations alongside his practical concern for the everyday world.

Turning to Chaucer's text, we find that four sections of *The Canterbury Tales* are concerned with the Franklin: the thirty-line sketch in the General Prologue; the conversation between the Franklin, the Squire, and the Host; the Franklin's Prologue; and the Tale of Dorigen and Arveragus. These four sections present us with the following materials:

1. The Franklin accompanies the Sergeant of the Law, loves food and drink, entertains lavishly, and has often held high public office. (I (A) 331-60)[13]
2. The Franklin is impressed with the Squire's "gentillesse," in contrast with his own son's irresponsibility. But the Host says, "Straw for youre gentillesse!" and the Franklin readily placates and flatters him. (V (F) 673-708)
3. The Franklin says he will tell a Breton lay, and introduces it with a "modesty prologue." (V (F) 709-28)
4. The Franklin's so-called Breton lay, which includes proper names and rocks from Geoffrey of Monmouth, is concerned with generosity in marriage and sets forth a *demande d'amour* based on a section of Boccaccio's *Filocolo*. (V (F) 729-1624)

Let us now examine these materials in the order listed.

There is one striking point about the sketch of the Franklin in the General Prologue: the Franklin is very wealthy and he has epicurean tastes which he satisfies by luxurious living for pure pleasure; yet he also has often held important public offices, offices which Professor Gerould proved beyond doubt were regularly held by men of outstanding ability and industry. Now there may be many epicureans with ability, but an epicurean who is noted for industry is rare, especially when he has the money with which to indulge his tastes. It is possible that good hard work is more important to Chaucer's Franklin than his love of food, drink, and pleasure; if so, his lavish hospitality becomes in some respects play-acting. In addition to the public offices he has earned, we find that the Franklin is a "worthy

[13]All quotations from Chaucer are taken from the *Complete Works*, ed. F. N. Robinson (Boston, 1933).

vavasour"; although "worthy" is one of the most difficult of Chaucer's words to pin down, when we find it coming right after a list of public offices a man has held, we are justified in taking it as a compliment to that man and as evidence of his deserving his station. There is also emphasis on accomplishments, and industry is one of the Franklin's recommendations to the Squire: "Fy on possessioun, but if a man be vertuous withal"—hardly a remark one would expect from the usual epicurean. It may well be that the Franklin acts the part of St. Julian in his country in an effort to imitate conduct he thinks suitable for great nobles, whose ranks he is eager to join. But before accepting or rejecting this idea, we must see how the Franklin's performance in the body of *The Canterbury Tales* fits with it.

In complimenting the Squire on his excellent performance, the Franklin expresses regret that his own son wastes his time and money and prefers to talk with a page rather than with gentle folk from whom he could learn true "gentillesse." As we noted earlier, Root and Kittredge interpreted these comments as indications of the Franklin's social aspirations. Kittredge said: "He is . . . a rich freeholder, often sheriff in his country. Socially, he is not quite within the pale of the gentry, but he is the kind of man that may hope to found a family, the kind of man from whose ranks the English nobility has been constantly recruited. And that such is his ambition comes out naively and with a certain pathos in what he goes on to say: 'I wish my son were like you. . . .'" Though Professor Gerould questioned this interpretation, it is the generally accepted reading of these lines. As such, it obviously complements the view presented earlier in this paper of the Franklin as a man who has understanding of and ability in the everyday world, and who strives to carry out his idea of noble conduct.

There is further support for this argument in the Host's conversation with the Franklin. When the Franklin states that his son will not learn "gentillesse," the Host breaks in roughly:

> "Straw for youre gentillesse!" quod oure Hoost.
> "What, Frankeleyn! pardee, sire, wel thou woost
> That ech of yow moot tellen atte leste
> A tale or two, or breken his biheste." (V (F) 695-8)

We note that it is at the word "gentillesse"—that is, noble conduct—that the Host interrupts. And he does not say "a straw for gentillesse"; he says "Straw for *youre* gentillesse." It isn't that Harry is impatient with the idea of "gentillesse"; he simply has no patience with the *Franklin's* holding forth on the subject. Now Harry Bailly, as an

innkeeper, is an experienced man where questions of rank are concerned—witness his treatment of the Knight—and in his estimation, at any rate, the Franklin's station in life does not warrant such concern for "gentillesse." In his next words Harry makes this clear by naming the Franklin's position. But he does not say Sir Franklin, as in his Sir Knight or Sir Monk; he says, without any show of courtesy, "Why, Franklin, you know our bargain." In other words, Harry seems to feel that the Franklin is giving himself airs, and he takes immediate action to put an end to it. The Franklin's reaction to the Host's interruption also fits this reading. He meekly apologizes to the Host, as if he realizes that he has been somewhat presumptuous. Then the Host bluntly orders, "Telle on thy tale withouten wordes mo," after which the Franklin shamelessly flatters Harry by saying, "I prey to God that it [my tale] may plesen yow; Thanne woot I wel that it is good ynow."

This brings us to a consideration of the Franklin's Prologue, in which he announces that his story will be a Breton lay and apologizes for his ignorance of rhetoric. In this Prologue we find two points of importance to an interpretation of the dramatic interplay involved. First, the Franklin indicates immediately that he is not going to give up his interest in "gentillesse" just because of the Host's abrupt remarks. In fact, in the first line of his Prologue he speaks of "thise olde *gentil Britouns*" and the kind of literature they liked, namely, Breton lays. Such stories fit the Franklin's idea of propriety, and he points out that he is going to tell one of these lays.

The second point in the Franklin's Prologue of interest here concerns the so-called "modesty prologue." Miss Hammond in 1927 commented on numerous parallels showing that in the late Middle Ages, as now, it was not unusual for a speaker to begin by saying "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," and then to talk for two hours.[14] But, as numerous eminent Chaucerians have observed, one of Chaucer's distinctive devices is putting conventional elements to functional uses; and that observation, I think, applies also to the Franklin's "modesty prologue." Rather than think we have accounted for this passage by simply noting many parallels to it, we must explain it satisfactorily in its dramatic context; and the context in the present instance is furnished by the Host's preceding attack on the Franklin's interest in "gentillesse," and by the succeeding Breton lay which the Franklin tells, a story in which "gentillesse" figures largely.

Now, as we have just seen, despite the Host's attack, the Franklin

[14]E. P. Hammond, *English Verse between Chaucer and Surrey* (Durham, N.C., 1927), 392 ff.

indicates his determination to retell a lay made by the "gentil Britouns in hir dayes." But he also seems eager to combat any inclination on the part of those of his listeners who are not interested in the behaviour of the nobility to think that he is giving himself airs, as Harry has implied. He therefore ends his Prologue with a fourteen-line section in which he states as plainly as possible that he is a "burel" man who speaks crudely and who is ignorant of rhetoric. For the same purpose he even gets off a rather clumsy pun involving rhetorical colours and the colours of flowers and dies. But for those in his audience capable of appreciating it and of being properly impressed, he includes mention of Cicero and Mount Parnassus. The Franklin does exactly the same thing in his Tale when he describes the magician's astrological preparations (V (F) 1261-84). He starts using technical terms, breaks off abruptly to say "I ne kan no termes of astrologye," and then proceeds to give a detailed account of the magician's activities, in which he displays impressive learning. Another similar instance is the Franklin's well-known comment: "For th'orisonte hath reft the sonne his lyght,—This is as muche to seye as it was nyght" (V (F) 1017-18). Such remarks give evidence of his double interest: in "gentillesse" and the high style, and also in less elevated and more ordinary matters.

I have argued so far that from his portrait in the General Prologue the Franklin appears as a wealthy landowner whose ability and industry have won for him high public offices, and whose epicureanism and lavish hospitality result to some extent from his attempt to live as he thinks a great noble should live; that in his comments to the Squire and his exchanges with the Host he first shows his interest in and admiration for the behaviour he thinks suited to the nobility, and then exhibits his desire to avoid the appearance of giving himself airs; and that in his Prologue, although he indicates his intention of telling a story which in his opinion is fit for people of gentle birth and training, he includes comments about his lack of education in order to placate those listeners who have no patience with matters of "gentillesse." In each instance the two sides of the Franklin's nature are apparent: on the one hand, his knowledge of and regard for the everyday, practical world; and, on the other, his social aspirations which lead him to conduct himself as he thinks befits the nobility. We come now to the discussion of how the Franklin's Tale fits into this interpretation.

As preparation for this discussion we should rule out two points: first, the idea that Chaucer had an actual Breton lay as his source for the Franklin's Tale, an idea in support of which one hundred

years of intensive scholarship have shown not the least evidence; and, second, the theory that Chaucer used the Franklin's Tale as a means of setting forth his view of the perfect marriage, a theory which comes from Professor Kittredge rather than from Holy Writ. As replacement for these views, I shall attempt to show that the story Chaucer prepared especially for his Franklin has great originality in that it presents an attempted combination of the two current systems for relationships between men and women—courtly love and marriage. Further, I think that the impossibilities of such a combination cause incongruities which make evident the unworkable aspects of the Franklin's attempt to concern himself with the "gentillesse" he thinks proper for the nobility. These incongruities stem from the same dichotomy in the Franklin's make-up which we have already observed: his social aspirations cause him to be interested in conduct he considers proper for the nobility; but his concern for the everyday world and his desire to avoid the accusation of giving himself airs lead him to deal with more generally acceptable material. Thus his Tale, as Professor Schofield observed, is not "an entirely harmonious whole." It is at the same time a courtly love *demande d'amour* stressing "gentillesse," and an attempt at defining the ideal marital situation. That such an uneasy combination does not come off successfully should surprise no one; neither should the assigning of this sort of failure to the Franklin surprise anyone who bears in mind the dramatic principles which Chaucer employed regularly in *The Canterbury Tales*. For we can be sure that Chaucer intended this tale to be read as a dramatic performance by the Franklin. In no other section of *The Canterbury Tales* does a teller exhibit greater awareness of his listeners. This awareness can be observed not only in the Franklin's Prologue and at the end of his Tale, but also, as we shall see, at regular intervals within the body of the Tale.

Now we find, first of all, that Chaucer probably took the bare outline for his tale from the story told by Menedon in Boccaccio's *Filocolo*, and added to it many details similar to those used in the so-called Breton lays.[15] But though these sources contribute the atmosphere of courtly love which makes appropriate the emphasis on "gentillesse," they by no means account for the Franklin's extended treatment of a happy marriage. In this connection the opening of the Italian tale deserves attention.

[15]Germaine Dempster and J. S. P. Tatlock, "The Franklin's Tale," in W. F. Bryan and Germaine Dempster, *Sources and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* (Chicago, 1941), 377-97.

Nella terra la dove io naqui, mi ricorda essere un ricchissimo e nobile cavaliere, il quale di perfettissimo amare amando una donna nobile della terra, per isposa la prese. Della quale donna, essendo bellissima, un altro cavaliere chiamato Tarolfo s'innamoro e di tante amore l'amava, che oltre a lei non vedeva niuna cosa, ne piu disiava, e in molto maniere, forse con sovente passare davanti alle sue case, o giostrando, o armeggiando, o con altri atti, s'ingegnava d'avere l'amore di lei. . . .

This story, we see, starts off with the statement that a noble cavalier marries a noble lady for whom he feels "the most perfect love"; and in the second sentence of this story Tarolfo, another cavalier who also loves the lady, is introduced. But at the beginning of the Franklin's Tale we have seventy-six lines devoted to Arveragus' winning Dorigen as his wife, and to the arrangements they make to ensure a happy marriage. The endings of the two stories also show widely differing emphasis. In the *Filocolo* we simply have each character's release of the other and then the *demande d'amour*: who was the most generous? At the end of the Franklin's Tale, however, Aurelius draws a moral for all wives—"every wife should be careful in her promises"—and we have the Franklin's lengthy description of the happy reunion between Dorigen and Arveragus, in addition to the competition for the prize in noble conduct and the concluding question. Neither in Menedon's story nor in the Breton lays do we find the constant attention which the Franklin devotes to marriage.

The details of the Franklin's attempt to combine a relationship exemplifying courtly love with an ideal marital situation can be most clearly seen from an analysis of the two chief characters in the story, Dorigen and Arveragus, and of the asides which the Franklin inserts into their story. We learn at the opening of the Tale that a knight does his "payne" to serve a lady, to please whom he carries out many a great undertaking. Because this lady is of a nobler family he scarcely dares tell her of his love. But finally the lady is moved by his abject humility to take pity upon him. Here is the typical courtly love situation described with the customary terminology. Then the knight and the lady marry, and the courtly love relationship, in which the lady was properly supreme and the knight her servant, is replaced by the marital situation in which the wife was considered subordinate to the husband. But the newly wed couple do not proceed according to the rules: they attempt to retain in their marital state aspects of their courtly love relationship. And the passage in the Franklin's Tale from which we learn of this is full of a strange combination of terms from the two systems: alongside "mastery," "sovereignty," and

"humble true wife," we find "obey her and follow her will, as should any lover to his lady." Dorigen and Arveragus love each other sincerely and have all the requirements for a highly successful marriage and a happy life. Yet into their marriage they carry attitudes and actions from the system of courtly love.

At this point in the story the Franklin digresses from the narrative to comment at length on the wisdom of this arrangement. He feels that he is accomplishing both his aims: he is portraying a workable marriage acceptable to those of his listeners for whom courtly love holds no charms; and also he can still tell a tale of "gentillesse" and magic, ending with a *demande d'amour*. Accordingly his comments here reveal his double interests. First he points out: "Love wol nat been constreyned by maistrye. Whan maistrie comth, the God of Love anon Beteth his wynges, and farewel, he is gon!" Then he enters his commonsense plea for tolerance in marriage. Finally he caps his digression with a fine example of double-talk:

> Thus hath she take hir servant and hir lord,
> Servant in love and lord in mariage.
> Thanne was he bothe in lordshipe and servage.
> Servage? nay, but in lordshipe above,
> Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love;
> His lady, certes, and his wyf also,
> The which that lawe of love acordeth to. (V (F) 792-8)

Arveragus now takes his wife home to Pedmark and they live in great happiness. And the Franklin in his more matter-of-fact role interrupts the story to say:

> Who koude telle, but he hadde wedded be,
> The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee
> That is bitwixe an housbonde and his wyf? (V (F) 803-5)

This excellent state of affairs lasts more than a year until Arveragus goes to England for two years to seek worship and honour in arms, "for al his lust he sette in swich labour." A happy marriage is fine, but Arveragus has remembered that he is a courtly knight and he must go away to win honour in the tournaments. And from this knightly act will stem the trouble which almost wrecks the happy marriage of Dorigen and Arveragus. We should also not overlook the fact that Arveragus' leaving home is Chaucer's addition to his source; the cavalier in the *Filocolo* does not go away.

Dorigen grieves mightily over her absent husband, and her grief becomes symbolized for her in the black rocks along the coast. Thus it is that when the squire Aurelius pleads for her love she assigns him the task of removing the black rocks. But here Dorigen is not

exactly the haughty lady of the courtly romances, though the way is paved for the approaching difficulties by her shifting momentarily into a courtly love situation. She first says firmly that she will never be an unfaithful wife. Then, in jest and in the language of courtly love, she assigns the task and promises her love if Aurelius can remove the rocks. But immediately she shifts back to practical, down-to-earth considerations and tells him to put such matters out of his mind, for a man can have no pleasure in loving another man's wife.

With Aurelius, however, the Franklin's sense of literary propriety can be indulged fully. His description of this squire includes all the conventional details: Aurelius suffers the malady of love for more than two years, and utters a complaint to Apollo which would do justice to Troilus. But even with Aurelius the Franklin is not altogether comfortable; he leaves the lovesick squire with the matter-of-fact remark, "Chese he, for me, wheither he wol lyve or dye."

Arveragus returns and the emphasis is placed on the happiness of the reunited husband and wife. Though Arveragus suspects nothing, the elements of courtly love which he and Dorigen have brought into their marriage—his interest in winning honour in the tournaments, and her assigning the task to Aurelius—will soon threaten their happiness.

Meanwhile, Aurelius, who has properly observed secrecy, learns from his brother that there are magicians in Orleans. He goes to Orleans, meets the magician, and strikes a bargain for the removal of the black rocks. Returning with Aurelius, the magician in due time makes the rocks disappear. Throughout this long section of his Tale the Franklin is dealing with the kind of romance material which he thinks proper for people of breeding; yet we find injected here the same sort of matter-of-fact comment which we have noticed earlier. When the subject of magic is introduced, the Franklin speaks of it as "swich folye As in oure dayes is nat worth a flye,—For hooly chirches feith in oure bileve Ne suffreth noon illusioun us to greve." And later the acts of magicians are spoken of as japes, wretchedness, superstitious cursedness, and illusions which heathen folk used in those days. Though magic was standard material in the Breton lays and the romances, the Franklin's practical sense prevents his acceptance of it.

When Aurelius tells her of the disappearance of the rocks, Dorigen is stunned. Arveragus is away, and she grieves alone at home. At this point in the story we have the much-debated "Complaint of Dorigen," which Chaucer took from Jerome against Jovinian, and in which Dorigen calls up as models many famous ladies of the past who

chose death rather than dishonour (V (F) 1355-456). I am aware of Mr. James Sledd's recent skilful defence of the artistic function of this complaint,[16] but I feel that the presence in the Franklin's Tale of this lengthy section which so many critics have found objectionable is explained most convincingly by reference to Dorigen's carrying over into her marriage aspects of the rules of conduct she followed when, at the beginning of the story, she was a courtly love heroine. The "complaint" itself is a courtly love device, as is the noble choice of suicide rather than dishonour. And the exempla which Dorigen cites are part and parcel of elevated literature in the Middle Ages. But though Dorigen concludes that she should commit suicide, the tone and exaggerated nature of her complaint convince the reader that she is not going to do so. Rather, as soon as Arveragus returns, she tells him her difficulty in true wifely fashion. In other words, the "complaint" represents her testing of one aspect of courtly behaviour, her discarding it, and then her adopting a more realistic and down-to-earth solution. In this connection we should note that the lady in Menedon's story in the *Filocolo* does not immediately tell her husband the cause of her grief. The husband has to force the facts from her. But Dorigen unburdens herself to her husband as soon as he asks why she weeps. And in her actions here we see that for the moment at least the Franklin's understanding of a workable marriage overcomes his interest in what he thinks the proper behaviour for noble folk.

Arveragus, however, has not yet given up the courtly principles which he brought to his marriage. Though he comforts his wife in husbandly fashion, he proclaims that she must give herself to Aurelius because "Trouthe is the hyeste thyng that man may kepe." Then he instructs two servants to conduct her to meet Aurelius. That the Franklin realizes how strange this decision must have sounded to those of his listeners who put no stock in the courtly code is evident in his next comment:

> Peraventure an heep of yow, ywis,
> Wol holden hym a lewed man in this
> That he wol putte his wyf in jupartie.
> Herkneth the tale er ye upon hire crie.
> She may have bettre fortune than yow semeth;
> And whan that ye han herd the tale, demeth. (V (F) 1493-8)

The everyday listener or reader is now assured of a happy ending to the story, despite Arveragus' strange behaviour, and the Franklin can proceed with his illustrations of "gentillesse" and the concluding

[16]James Sledd, "Dorigen's Complaint," *Modern Philology*, XLV, 1947-8, 36-45.

demande d'amour. Dorigen encounters Aurelius and he asks where she is going. "Unto the gardyn, as myn housbonde bad," she replies. Notice that she is here no courtly lady; she is the conventional obedient wife. Aurelius is filled with pity and decides that to hold her to her promise would not be in accord with "gentillesse." He therefore releases her, but we have difficulty praising Aurelius for noble actions when we recall that he did not hesitate to use trickery in order to make the rocks disappear. Even he, however, seems to realize now that the principles of courtly love do not fit well in the marital situation, and he calls Dorigen "the treweste and the beste *wyf* that evere yet I knew in al my lyf." Dorigen goes home "unto hir *housbonde*," not to her *lord* or to her *knight*, and they live happily ever after. If my analysis of this story is correct, we can readily suppose that their marriage was not again threatened by behaviour in accord with the code of courtly love, and we note that at this point the Franklin speaks of them as "Arveragus and Dorigen his *wife*," not "Arveragus and Dorigen his *lady*," as in the earlier section of the story.

The Franklin now presents the magician's releasing Aurelius from the debt of a thousand pounds, whereby the former shows that he can in his actions illustrate "gentillesse" as well as can a knight or a squire. Then comes the Franklin's concluding question to his listeners: "Who was the most generous?" It is important to observe here that whereas in the *Filocolo* the question is "Which of the three men—the cavalier, Tarolfo, or Tebano—was the most generous," the Franklin simply asks who was the most generous. This alteration throws the competition open to Dorigen, as well as to the three men, and to my way of thinking she would win the prize by virtue of her giving up, through the immediate confession to her husband of her foolish promise, the attitudes which she brought from courtly love into her marriage.

Even so, the *demande d'amour* seems strangely out of place at the end of the Franklin's Tale. This results, I think, from the fact that the Franklin's frequent comments on the happy workability of the marriage between Dorigen and Arveragus build up a pattern which is in opposition to courtly love elements. Thus we cannot quite accept Arveragus, whose counterpart in the *Filocolo* is judged the most generous, as a noble husband, because we have seen him send his wife to another man.

We thus return to the basic incongruity in the Franklin's Tale and to our opening question concerning the dramatic suitability of this tale to its teller. To my mind, it is just this incongruity between a workable marriage relationship and courtly love which suits the tale

to the Franklin, whose double concern for the behaviour of the nobility, on the one hand, and for the everyday world, on the other, is made plentifully evident in his sketch in the General Prologue, in his conversation with the Squire and the Host, and in the Prologue to his Tale.

In his Tale the Franklin tries to satisfy his two fields of interest and to appeal to his listeners of both types, the "gentils" and the less elevated folk. So far as we know, since we have no Epilogue to the Franklin's Tale, his device was successful on the Canterbury pilgrimage, but most critics have been struck by the incongruities in his Tale, incongruities which I think result from the ambivalence of this "worthy vavasour" who is greatly concerned with "gentillesse."

THE PAST SPEAKS FOR GERMANY

G. W. Field

WHAT happens to a learned journal and its readers in a modern state when the iron curtain of a ruthless dictatorship descends upon the intellectual scene? Germany under the Nazis offers an interesting study of this question. In general the obvious answer was the voluntary or enforced liquidation or conversion to the new ideology. There were, however, one or two important exceptions to this general rule, exceptions that offer a fruitful field of research. For who can say when a similar curtain may descend upon all or part of the Western world? Although the new menace, with much more drastic measures, threatens the complete obliteration of even such vestiges of unbiased intellectual discussion as could be observed in Germany, nevertheless a study of these techniques of the past should prove rewarding, even if limited to literary and historical concerns.

The outstanding example of journalistic resistance on an intellectual level in the Third Reich is provided by the *Deutsche Rundschau,* under its distinguished editor Dr. Rudolf Pechel. A few words must suffice to introduce the editor. Born in Güstrow in 1882, Pechel received his doctorate in Germanics and Philosophy in 1910. After several years of university teaching he became more and more absorbed in journalistic work and was a regular contributor to the *Deutsche Rundschau.* He had finally decided to devote himself entirely to journalism when the First World War interrupted his career; emerging from the war a flying officer in the navy, Dr. Pechel assumed the editorship of the *Rundschau* in 1919. It was fortunate that he had fourteen years in which to cultivate his small but distinguished public before the Nazi censorship began to descend in 1933, for all efforts to speak through a censorship curtain ultimately depend upon the hearer's sensitivity of perception. The reader had to be trained to read "between the lines."[1]

A new generation may not find it easy to appreciate the situation which faced an editor after the end of January, 1933. The censorship imposed was very real even if, in part, indirect. The writer has examined surviving copies of the secret weekly instructions to editors issued by Dr. Goebbels' Reichspropagandaministerium. Each issue was voluminous and its mere perusal must have been a severe strain

[1]This is the title of a collection of Dr. Pechel's writings in the *Deutsche Rundschau,* 1932-42, published in his honour, *Zwischen den Zeilen: Ein Kampf für Freiheit und Recht* (Wiesentheid: Droemersche Verlagsanstalt, 1948).

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on any editor. The injunctions extended to the most trivial items and they were both positive and negative. Directions were given to avoid mention of certain books, persons, or events, for example, the works of Thomas Mann and Franz Werfel which were currently appearing. Occasionally editors were instructed that certain matters were to be given favourable publicity, such as pseudo-scientific racial-genetic writing in line with party dogma. Dr. Pechel and Dr. Schöningh of the *Hochland,* forced to heed such injunctions, often contrived an ironical twist or a non-committal statement which was antithetical to the intentions of the régime. As examples of this there could be cited reviews of various books on Nazi racial theory in such a tone that the reviewer, while avoiding compromising himself directly, nevertheless left the unmistakable impression in the mind of the discerning reader that he was confronted here with just another contribution to the jumble of perverted science and myth fostered by the Nazis. In most cases the actual censorship occurred after publication. First copies were sent to the department for weltanschauliche Ueberwachung des Schrifttums. If the officials were displeased, distribution was halted and the issue suppressed. The full weight of responsibility was borne by the editor.

Faced with this situation, Dr. Pechel never ceased to resist and fight back.[2] As Werner Bergengruen describes it, here was a battle in which there awaited the warrior not the Iron Cross First Class with Oak Leaves and Crossed Swords, but a hangman's noose and headsman's axe. How then was his resistance to be conducted? Open denunciation would merely result in immediate suppression which would put a quick end to resistance. As Dr. Pechel saw it, his duty was not only to resist the régime and preserve his moral and intellectual integrity but to keep on resisting as long as possible. Camouflage, *Tarnung,* speaking between the lines was necessary in some form or other. What were the possibilities? Obviously they were limited. An historical personality such as Napoleon, Talleyrand, or Lopez (the tyrannical dictator of Paraguay) or a contemporary such as Stalin could be used as a more or less obvious parallel to Hitler, a parallel which, of course, had to be carefully left implicit. Criticism of similar situations—the French Revolution, Russia—could be employed, the reference to Nazi Germany again being implicit. A fine example is the essay "At Dr. Leete's" (August, 1941) in which

[2]During Dr. Pechel's visit to London in the spring of 1939 efforts were made to dissuade him from returning to Germany and he was offered a post in the B.B.C. or the editorship of a German refugee publication. He rejected these proposals, to return to what he considered his duty among those who depended on him at home.

Dr. Pechel supposes Bellamy's Julian West to have been aroused from his sleep, begun in 1887, not in the year 2000, but in 1941. The horrors of the situation are described in a powerful crescendo: power in the hands of a gang of criminals and subhumans, suspension of all civil rights, physical and spiritual murder practised on all sides, workers reduced to the status of mere robots, the most terrible cruelties, daily lies from press and radio. All this and more the resuscitated Julian West would find in 1941, if he were to awake—in Soviet Russia. Only these last three words at the end of the article provide a mantle of camouflage, which, in its transparency, deceived no one and yet, for the time being, saved the writer from the fate hanging over him. Called to account for this bold innuendo and questioned at length, Dr. Pechel was able blandly to counter: "Well, isn't that the situation in Russia? I thought I had read something recently of Dr. Goebbels' to that effect." Sometimes completely uncamouflaged statement could be risked as in the poignant appeal in the summer of 1939, "Pourquoi la guerre?" or in the equally pointed article "Nomina non omina." The latter treats of the suitability or unsuitability of certain Germanic and biblical names, ending with "Israel" and "Sara" which, according to Nazi law, were required as first names of every Jew and Jewess. It points out that "Israel" means in Hebrew "fighter for God" and "Sara" means "princess." In conclusion the article asks in unconcealed mockery whether in this age of mass levelling it might not be better to dispense with names altogether and use numbers. Seemingly innocent essays could carry a message to the sensitive reader.[3] In this connection could be mentioned "Praise of the Charlatan," an essay on the role of the charlatan in history and the phenomenon of mass gullibility which plays into his hands. Behind the notable historical charlatans discussed there lurks the figure of Hitler. Another favourite method was to take as point of departure a newly published book and develop an essay of considerable proportions on the question or questions raised: "The Inner Political Weakness of Napoleon's Régime," "Siberia," "Burckhardt and Nietzsche." In the last-named essay the two men are played off against each other in illustration of the dangers and evils inherent in the Nazi system and ideology.

But the method which became a regular feature of the periodical and the one on which we are going to focus our attention consisted in letting the great poets and thinkers of the past level devastatingly

[3]Dr. Pechel states that his message found its way to wider circles. This was proved by experiments made by his Social Democrat and trade union friends and co-workers in the Resistance. It was found that articles distributed among workers found widespread understanding.

critical shafts at the Nazi state and its ideology. Each issue contained a rubric "The Living Past" used for this purpose. Each month brought a useful anniversary of birth or death which could be made a pretext for conjuring up potent spirits of another age, who could not be reached by the long arm of the Gestapo and the concentration camp.

In February, 1942 the voice of Frederick the Great was raised from the past in defence of intellectual freedom: "Tolerance must permit every citizen to believe what he will. But it must not go so far as to approve the impudence and recklessness of young hot-heads who crudely besmirch what is respected by the people. That is my view. It is concerned with what is necessary for the preservation of freedom of thought and public order—and that is the first consideration of every political system."[4] (To Voltaire, August 13, 1766.) Frederick goes on to proclaim Christian ethical standards and in doing so lashes out by implication at the treatment given nonconformists (Jews and others) in concentration camps: "Treat others as you would wish to be treated yourself—in this principle lie all the virtue and all the duties of man toward the society in which he is placed." (To the Electoral Princess of Saxony, March 8, 1766.) To all those actively working in the German Resistance,[5] Frederick gives stirring words of encouragement: "Death, gentlemen, must come to all of us. Happy are they who die with the comforting consciousness that they deserve the tears of those who remain." (Read in the Academy of Sciences, December 30, 1767.)

To the non-German reader Frederick the Great may seem an odd champion of democratic and Christian virtues. In this connection two things may be said. First, the great Prussian monarch has long been a national German hero occupying a place in the German heart and mind hardly accessible to the non-German. Secondly, the use of such a figure for the cause of German freedom served to drive home the lesson with special force. It is true both Hitler and Frederick were dictators in their way—but how different their ways! Bismarck's position in relation to Hitler was similar to that of Frederick. When the strong man of the Second Reich spoke, comparison with the straw man of the Third Reich was invited. By November, 1939 Hitler's devious paths in disregard of all traditional codes of honour

[4]All translations are the writer's. The reference in this passage to "young hot-heads" obviously applies to fanatical extremists, particularly the S.S., who rejected and ridiculed the Christian churches.

[5]The writer assumes that the question "Was there a German Resistance?" has long since been answered in the affirmative. He is planning an English translation of the revised edition of Dr. Pechel's history of the German Resistance, to which the reader may refer: *Deutscher Widerstand* (Erlenbach-Zürich: Eugen Rentsch Verlag, 1947).

had become sufficiently obvious to contrast with Bismarck's statement: "I can do without the respect of all human beings, except myself. My honour lies entirely in my own hands and others cannot heap it upon me; my own honour, which I carry in my heart, is quite sufficient for me and no one is judge of it and able to decide whether or not I have it."

Inevitably the active workers in the Resistance were very few. The majority of those who were not Nazis or inclined towards them were afflicted with a lethargic, fence-sitting apathy and, Micawber-like, waited for something to turn up. As the early successes of Hitler went on apace, there was naturally a tendency to get on the band-wagon. Dr. Pechel issued constant warnings that action was necessary. Clausewitz, the celebrated Prussian general of the first years of the nineteenth century, is quoted: "I renounce completely the frivolous hope of salvation through the hand of chance; I renounce vague expectation of the future, which a dull wit will not recognize. I believe and profess: that the shame of a cowardly submission is never to be blotted out; that one can lose one's honour only once." Nor, Dr. Pechel claims, can one hope to enjoy the fruits of corruption and remain uncontaminated oneself. The Austrian poet Franz Grillparzer has something to contribute here: "Do you think you can merely taste dainty tit-bits of what is foul? You must execrate it all or accept it completely."

A more congenial voice in the cause of liberty was that of the great humanist and friend of Schiller, Wilhelm von Humboldt (1767-1835). In October, 1941 were published extracts from his essay "On the Limits of the Power of the State." Applied to the existing German scene, the criticism was devastating:

> The true aim of man, not that which shifting inclination, but that which eternally unshifting reason prescribes for him is the most complete and best proportioned cultivation of his faculties to form a whole. For this cultivation freedom is the first and essential condition. . . .
>
> Expressed in a very general formula, the true sphere of the state's activity could be called all that it is able to do for the welfare of society without trespassing upon the principle set forth above. From this the further conclusion may be drawn, that one must abhor every effort of the state to interfere in the private affairs of citizens, where there is no case of trespass by one upon the rights of another.

During the last war the opinion was widely held among military men from privates to generals that the opposing German lacked individual initiative as a result of the conditioning process to which he had been subjected. This axiom, unfortunately, did not always prove a reliable guide in action, but its general validity we can

accept. Not only did the Nazi system sap individual initiative; its murky waters lapped at the moral roots of the individual in society. Responsibility belonged "higher up." Against these inevitable consequences of a totalitarian state the voice of Humboldt rings out:

> Still more, however, does energy of action generally, and particularly moral character, suffer from a too extensive concern of the state. This hardly requires further discussion. Whoever is led often easily reaches the point where he voluntarily relinquishes the remnant of his individual initiative. He believes he is shielded from worry which he sees in the hands of others and believes he is doing enough if he awaits their decision and follows it. In the process his concepts of right and wrong are perverted. The first no longer inspires him; the tormenting feeling of the second grips him less and less often and less effectively. . . . He now believes himself free not merely from every duty which is not explicitly imposed by the state, but he also believes he is beyond hope of any improvement of his own condition, which he may even fear as a new opportunity the state might utilize. And he tries to evade the laws of the state itself, as much as he can, and considers every evasion good.
>
> If I attempt to draw the final conclusion from the argument thus far, then the first principle of this part of the present investigation must be this: Let the state refrain from all concern for the positive welfare of the citizens, and go no step further than is necessary for their protection from one another and from external enemies; let it restrict their freedom for no other purpose.

In today's age of the welfare state, such laissez-faire political theory may well seem rather obsolete, but faced with the tyrannical Nazi form of the welfare state Dr. Pechel needed extreme measures to use against it. Humboldt's essay is further used against the anti-Christian bias of the Nazi ideology:

> Apart from the actual education of youth there is yet another means of working upon the character and morals of the nation—religion. . . .
>
> Without adding further reasons I believe I may set up the principle, in itself by no means new, that everything which concerns religion lies outside the limits of the state's activity, and that preachers, as well as the whole religious service, must be a matter left to the ordinary citizens without any particular supervision of the state.

And who can doubt that in the concluding words quoted from Humboldt it is Dr. Pechel himself speaking: "I have now covered the field that I marked out for myself at the beginning of this essay. In it I have felt myself inspired by the deepest respect for the inner dignity of man and for freedom which is the only condition compatible with that dignity."

Let us now consider various voices and listen briefly to their themes, as we follow the chronological order of their appearance in

the *Deutsche Rundschau*. In October, 1938, when, following the Munich agreements, new accessions were being made to the Reich in Bohemia, despite Hitler's claim reiterated ad nauseam that Germany had no more territorial aims in Europe, as a result of which French suspicion and hostility had been roused to a new pitch, Dr. Pechel published two pregnant statements of Erasmus: "Rulers should lay down the boundaries of their states once and for all." "The Rhine can separate the Frenchman from the German but not the Christian from the Christian." One need only recall the emphasis the Nazis placed upon the revolutionary character of their régime to feel the sting in the words of Antoine de Rivarol (1753-1801), printed in May, 1939: "In quiet times fame depends on the cultivated classes, in revolutionary times on the lower classes and this is the time of hollow celebrities." In November, 1939 we find Goethe's among the voices for freedom: "It is not the fact that we are unwilling to recognize anything above us that makes us free, but on the contrary the very veneration of something above us. For by respecting something superior we elevate ourselves to it and by our recognition of it we show that we ourselves carry in us something higher and that we are worthy of being associated with it. . . ."

From England at the height of the Battle of Britain (September, 1940) came the voice of Jonathan Swift to reveal Hitler's structure of political lies:

> A *political* liar differs in one essential point from his intellectual kin. He needs only a short memory; according to the various stimuli that act upon him in every hour, he has to perjure himself and must be able to conjure up both sides of a paradox. . . . The superiority of his mind consists only in his inexhaustible supply of political lies, which he dispenses constantly and generously. He forgets his lies in an incomparable dilation and consequently is already contradicting himself in the next half hour. He has never once considered whether a proposal or an assertion was correct or false, but only whether it served his purposes to accept or reject it at the present moment or amid the company present.

The voice of Swift is also unleashed against the false denunciations which inevitably spread in a police state:

> Another way in which the most insignificant evil individual can harm the state is the false denunciation, of which our realm has already afforded too many examples. It is not long since no man whose views were thought to deviate from prevailing attitudes could venture to converse calmly outside the circle of his most intimate friends, without fear of being accused of treason by those who made a business of perjury and its incitement. Thus peace was destroyed in the land and people fled from one another as from an escaped lion or bear.

The whole purpose and plan of the Nazi régime, or of any such police state, is summed up in Swift's words: "First they wanted to put out our eyes and then fetter us with chains."

In July, 1940 we hear a voice from Switzerland in Gottfried Keller's poem *Schlechte Zeit,* the last three lines of which need no elucidation: "It is a hard position to be in: to have to breathe the same air with scoundrels within the narrow confines of one's own fatherland." In December of the same year the poet Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg) is heard in criticism of the Prussian (or Nazi) form of the state: "No state has been ruled more as a factory than Prussia since the death of Frederick William I. However necessary such a mechanistic administration may be for the physical health and improvement of the state, nevertheless, if it is treated merely in this way, the state will be undermined in its moral foundations." Novalis emphasizes the necessity of a religious basis for the states of Western Europe: "Only religion can reawaken Europe, reassure the nations, and with new glory install Christianity on earth in its old peace-making office."

The 150th birthday of Grillparzer in January, 1941 provided an excuse for reprinting a caustic quatrain on the German character as developed in the nineteenth century:

> When the Germans were modest still in their old-fashioned ways,
> I was frequently glad to say an odd word in their praise.
> But since now they are full of self-adulation
> I no longer feel bound to fresh approbation.

In May, 1941 Nazi Germany was at the height of its power prior to the invasion of Russia, with Western Europe prostrate at its feet. At this juncture the voice of the Chinese sage Meng-tzu (372-289 B.C.) is heard giving advice and admonition to his recently triumphant sovereign:

> The whole world is living in fear of the might of the state Chi. If you were once again to double your domains without introducing a liberal régime, you would only thereby set in motion against you the arms of the whole world. May Your Highness issue an order immediately that all prisoners, young and old, shall be sent back to the state Yao, that all its valuable installations shall remain untouched, next that all the people of the state Yao shall confer and find a ruling prince—and then leave them to themselves. In this way it will perhaps still be possible to avert disaster.

Many times Dr. Pechel warned his readers that the United States would ultimately come to liberate Europe from its chains. In June, 1941 this view is expressed in the words of Constantin Frantz (1817-91):

"The fact that the New World is separated from Europe by oceans offers no guarantee that it may not some day intervene in European politics."

Dr. Pechel has always seen very clearly the degree to which the German nation as a whole may be held responsible for its Nazi régime; the nation's responsibility lies not only in the initial voting into power of the party (which, once in the saddle, thwarted any constitutional attempt to get rid of it), but in the passivity with which it and its intellectual leaders submitted to each new fetter forged for it. He realized very early that there could be little hope of liberation from the Nazi tyranny, once the war had started, until a national holocaust had scourged the whole country. This thought he found suitably expressed by Gneisenau, the great Prussian military reformer after the reverses suffered at the hands of Napoleon: "The whole nation must go through the school of misfortune and we shall either succumb in this crisis or, when we have gone through bitter misery and our bones are no more, something better will arise from it." The same theme is treated with striking force in a sonnet of Rückert which was resurrected in August, 1941:

With silent blush of shame we long have looked
Upon ourselves and on our country's shame,
To Thee upraising fettered arms in prayer:
"How long, O Lord, wilt Thou our bonds still tighter frame?"

O Saviour in our hour of need, wilt Thou
Again have mercy on Thy sore-tried land;
Salvation comes, it comes in flaming towns,
From Thee it comes in blood-red rays upon the strand.

O Lord, dire fate alone can free us men
And we in dust are sorely bowed and frail;
O hasten Thou and breathe in us again

The strength to rise once more! Let us not quail
Before the raging storms that come to purge;
Let hope and faith us ever onward urge!

In December, 1941, in the words of Socrates, as reported by Xenophon, we can read a trenchant indictment of the rulers of Nazi Germany:

When the thirty tyrants had executed many of the citizens—and not the worst among them—and had incited many to acts of injustice, Socrates said it was incomprehensible to him if one who had become a cowherd and caused his herd to diminish and deteriorate would not confess that he was a bad cowherd; but it was still more incomprehensible to him if one, who had become the leader of a state and had caused

the citizens to decrease and deteriorate, was not filled with shame and convinced that he was a bad leader of the state.

The Austrian novelist Adalbert Stifter (1805-68) raises his voice in March, 1942 with some very pertinent remarks concerning moral duty and the essential role of the family in society. In this setting he defines freedom: "This is human freedom, that no one may disturb the individual in the exercise of moral duty and virtue." The following and final issue for the duration reprints from Fichte a forthright "Demand for Freedom of Thought from the Ruling Princes of Europe" in which the ruler is addressed: "Sir, you have no right to suppress our freedom of thought, and what you have no right to do you must never do, even if worlds were being shattered about your ears and if you with your people were to be buried beneath their ruins."

There is little camouflage left here. After the increasing openness and vigour of the passages quoted from the last issues, it will surprise no one to learn that the issue of April, 1942 was the last to see the light of day before the heavy hand of the Gestapo descended upon the *Deutsche Rundschau* and its editor, in the pre-dawn hours of April 8. Who will say if he has read thus far, that the dead do not speak? From all centuries and from all climes came voices to help and inspire German resistance.[6] Even this brief survey has included words from Goethe, Stifter, Novalis, Grillparzer, Keller, Rückert, Swift, Fichte, Socrates, Erasmus, Meng-tzu, Humboldt, Clausewitz, Gneisenau, Bismarck, and Frederick the Great. It is only a representative sampling which might just as well have included, for example, Schiller, Bacon, Marcus Aurelius, or Kant.

The remarkable thing is not that his work was suppressed, but rather that Dr. Pechel was able to carry on as long as he did. A number of factors help to account for this, not the least being the stupidity of censorship officials, in whose eyes Dr. Pechel usually managed to throw dust on the occasions when he was called to

[6]It is tragically true, of course, that the many heroic attempts to free Germany from within came to naught. Some of them came within an ace of success, including the effort of July 20, 1944, in the aftermath of which over 150 people from the top ranks of all walks of life were executed: diplomats, professors, trade union leaders, civil servants, and soldiers (fifteen were field marshals, generals, or admirals). But even if all efforts fell short of success with a heavy sacrifice of the best minds in the nation, one can hardly say the efforts were vain, any more than one can say the struggle from the outside against Hitler was vain. That such efforts were made should in some measure vindicate German honour in history and leave an inspiring lesson for future generations. Moreover the relatively few who survived emerged steeled for leadership in a new Germany. Dr. Pechel's position in Germany today, for example, resembles that of an elder statesman and he is eagerly and respectfully heard wherever he goes.

account. Delay in suppression of the *Rundschau* was probably chiefly due to its long history as a leading intellectual journal since its founding in 1874 and the great prestige it enjoyed abroad. In fact the immediate event which led to Gestapo action was the broadcast by the B.B.C. and the reprinting in a Swiss newspaper of an item in the volume for January, 1942, which, under the guise of a speech in November, 1918 criticizing the concealment of the truth by the German government in the First World War, drew a caustic parallel with the infinitely worse behaviour of Dr. Goebbels' ministry in this respect. Progressive cuts in paper allocation (a common form of indirect censorship or suppression) reduced the *Rundschau* to an issue of fewer than 3,000 copies, which, however, were so eagerly sought that it can be assumed that a much wider audience was reached than these figures would indicate. In these straitened circumstances, however, generous financial support was found in the group of ardent anti-Nazis centred around the famous optical instrument manufacturer, Bosch, in Stuttgart. In the last years all the work from editing to despatching was performed by Dr. Pechel and his equally heroic wife, Madleen, within the confines of their Berlin residence. This gave them an increased degree of security, for they were attended only by an elderly country maidservant who was blessed with a heaven-sent denseness, so that in later Gestapo hearings she confused such terms as *Reaktion* and *Redaktion* (reaction and publishing), and even the Gestapo despaired of extracting any information from her.

Despite surveillance, tapped telephones, and mail tampered with, Dr. Pechel was able to act as a sort of nerve centre for the resistance movement, bringing together disparate elements for what were called editorial consultations. It is not possible here to recount in detail the personal experiences of the Pechels or the ramifications of the Resistance, but a few words may help to suggest further the relation of the Pechels to the wider movement.

When Dr. Pechel was arrested in the night of April 7/8, 1942, the house was ransacked by the Gestapo in search of incriminating evidence. It had been customary for Mrs. Pechel to carry any dangerous document to certain friends for safekeeping or disposal. On this night, inadvertently, there lay on top of the in-basket on the editor's desk a complete draft of the coup planned for the spring of 1942, in which Field Marshal von Witzleben, Commander-in-Chief in Occupied France, was to march into Germany with Panzer divisions he could rely upon. With the arrest of the leading Nazis a provisional government was to be set up and proclamations issued to the people and the

armed forces. Even these draft proclamations were contained in the document on Dr. Pechel's desk. It was overlooked! As soon as the agents had finished ransacking the house and had carried away her husband, Mrs. Pechel pounced upon the document and disposed of it. The next three years Dr. Pechel spent in various concentration camps. In 1944 his wife was also imprisoned. In his hearings Dr. Pechel was saved from the death penalty largely through evidence given on his behalf by Colonel Ritter of German Military Intelligence Headquarters, which from its chief, Admiral Canaris, down was filled with anti-Nazis (Canaris and other high-ranking Intelligence officers were executed after July 20, 1944). The Gestapo had recordings of conversations Dr. Pechel had held with German exiles in London in 1939. Colonel Ritter told the court that the army knew all about these conversations and that, in fact, Dr. Pechel was working for Military Intelligence! Another near miracle saved Dr. Pechel from the liquidations that were being meted out by the S.S. to inmates of concentration camps as the collapse neared in April, 1945. His son Eberhard, a captain in the 2nd Panzer Division, forced his way to the highest officials of the secret police in Berlin, demanded and secured an order releasing his father. With it he rushed to Sachsenhausen and freed his father on April 14.

Since 1946, in the three small rooms allotted to them as combined living and working quarters in Stuttgart, Dr. Pechel and his wife have continued their work with the *Deutsche Rundschau,* which still stands for those things which count most in our civilization.

SYMBOLISM IN TENNYSON'S MINOR POEMS

ELIZABETH HILLMAN WATERSTON

MANY of Tennyson's mature poems follow the method of symbolism: they reinforce our direct attention to the "subject" by dealing with another reality which will create emotional and intellectual responses in its own right but which is recognizable in the particular instance as a sign directing our interest back to the original subject. Using this tentative definition of the symbolic method as a touchstone, we observe in Tennyson's work a steady development in the technique of obliquity. In the present study I would first indicate certain general features of symbolic expression, as Tennyson practised it in the minor poems, and second, consider chronologically some minor poems that are typical in their symbolism.

The end result of a study of symbolism ought to be a clarification of the author's topic, not of his motivation, his psychoses, or his learning. Even a brief consideration of Tennyson's symbols will convince the reader that Tennyson was determined not to use his art for escape or for satisfaction of himself alone. Distressed by the atomism of his age, he sought societal symbols, rejecting images whose impact was guaranteed only by his private experience. Hence his lifelong experiments with classical myth (in "Oenone," "Tiresias," and other poems) and with folk-lore (in poems using the legend of the swan-song, the Arthurian matter, and so on). Tennyson used familiar poetic parallels (of the sea to life, of rocks to death, of birds to escape, and so on), because of their proven ability to enrich the reader's response to the "subject," and to deflect away from themselves the interest stirred by the emotional tension generated in reading poetry.

Mention of myth brings us at once to an epistemological problem. According to Whitehead, almost all adult mental response is to symbolic stimuli. This belief need not lead to solipsism; it may produce an interest, like Whitehead's, in the processes through which external reality, given in nature, is transposed into the mental flux, conditioned, "intensified, inhibited, or diverted," by the nature of the receiver. Tennyson has a powerful recognition of the "causal efficacy," the reality of the world without, and an equal interest in the relationship between that world and the world within the mind, particularly the world of dreams. He presents a psychological theory for the persistence in memory of certain emotionally charged impressions in his "Ode to Memory":

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> . . . For the discovery
> And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
> That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
> Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
> With thee unto the love thou bearest
> The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
> Ever retiring thou dost gaze
> On the prime labour of thine early days. . . .

He then lists as the realities of his own earliest memories, the realities most charged with emotional history for him, a narrow range of scenes which (as I shall show) recur throughout the poems with symbolic significance: high bushless fields, a sandy ridge, a cottage overlooking a marsh, a garden with dark alleys opening on plots of roses, lily, and lavender. Later in life, in tense moments, external nature provided other sense impressions, stored in memory with emotional surcharge, ready for use as symbol when the emotion returned.

> Strange, that the mind, when fraught
> With a passion so intense
> One would think that it well
> Might drown all life in the eye,—
> That it should, by being so overwrought,
> Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
> For a shell, or a flower, little things
> Which else would have been past by!

This is the process, described in *Maud,* by which the mind stores up a private hoard of natural symbols. For Tennyson, the realities which most often served as symbols are: landscape, particularly when several levels sharply different can be seen; dark houses or halls with unusual lighting; rivers, usually with cataracts; mist rising; stars, particularly "Hesper"; a family group of man, woman, and daughter; yellow colours, and rose; cheerful bells; rust; song-birds; ships at anchor; jewels. But these things do not form part of a private mythology; here, as in the case of folk-lore figures, the desire for a general impact has acted as a rigid censor, excluding the use as symbols of personal "realities" not judged to be universally affective.

Tennyson is as aware as any modern philosopher of the categories of space and time. Several of his most effective symbols convey the sense of these realities: "The Voyage," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "The Poet's Song." A central theme of his work is the relationship between the poet's created world, "out of space, out of time," and the world of mechanical time and measurable space. The links between these two worlds are forged by symbols, which have

real significance, both as the effective stimulus or reminder of sense experience, and as "things-in-themselves," crusted with the significance of the spaceless, timeless realm of dreams. Tennyson was impressed with the experiential reality of dreams, waking or sleeping:

> As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
> And ebb into a former life, or seem
> To lapse far back in some confused dream
> To states of mystical similitude. . . .

The mystical similitudes thus recognized in dreams correspond, as psycho-analysts show, to the pattern of myths; far back in the dream will be found symbols which rouse universal response. "Men do not invent those mysterious relations between separate external objects, and between objects and feelings, which it is the function of poetry to reveal," says Professor Owen Barfield. "Those relations exist independently, not indeed of Thought, but of any individual thinker." Psychology suggests the existence of historical strata in the mind, fossilizing primitive responses. In this respect, mythology is the ghost of concrete meaning. As Emerson says, there is a "*radical* correspondence between visible things and human thoughts."

This brings us to the next phrase in the definition of symbolism: the other reality will create emotional and intellectual responses in its own right. We have already noticed the care with which Tennyson selected his symbols from familiar universal experiences. He lived before Freud produced his records of the many instances in which dreams of the sea obsess neurotics with a mother complex, and before popularization tagged ocean imagery as a "regression symbol." Consequently, the restlessness and infinity of the ocean sometimes suggested life in this world to him, sometimes (especially as he grew older) eternity. Similarly the rose may arouse gay and charming associations, or terrifying ones. And so, like most pre-Freudian poets, his symbolism rarely has a one-to-one ratio, an equation value; the symbol creates emotion, but it may be used in different poems to create different emotions. Nevertheless, the emotions will not be forced upon the symbol by the poet's mood; they will each in turn be appropriate and inevitable, because of the complexity of the reality chosen, and because of Tennyson's sensitivity to the great commonplaces and to the emotional and intellectual analogies between man's life and the patterns of the universe—of day and night, of restless sea and sterile rock, and so on. These analogies convey concepts and attitudes as well as emotions, ideas presented in totality for precision and speed.

Though we reject a Freudian key as the only clue to the symbols, we may note with interest that frequently fragmentary compositions

embody a recognized symbol for some state of mind and emotion more directly discussed in another poem of the same date. For instance, "The Merman" and "The Mermaid" are exercises in form. Experimenting with rhythm, rhyme, and sound, Tennyson "lets the sense look after itself," and produces the carefree vignettes of lust and laughter under the sea:

> . . . I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
> I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
> But at night I would roam abroad and play
> With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
> Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
> And holding them back by their flowing locks
> I would kiss them often under the sea. . . .

And in the next poem, "Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind Not in Unity with Itself," we find the open, direct confession of regressive impulse:

> Thrice happy state again to be
> The trustful infant on the knee!
> Who lets his waxen fingers play
> About his mother's neck, and knows
> Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
> They comfort him by night and day;
> They light his little life alway. . . .

Again, death as a sea-monster ("The Kraken"), perfectly visual, but with intense emotional impact through verse movement and selection of details, follows a direct treatment of the theme of death's power, in "Love and Death." Tennyson was as interested as any modern psychologist in the source of such subconscious images, and in the pattern of undirected thinking; through Lucretius he asks:

> How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp
> These idols to herself? Or do they fly
> Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
> In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
> Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
> Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
> The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they,
> The basest, far into that council-hall
> Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?

Tennyson does not seem to me to rely much on the emotional implications of Christian symbolism, except in *In Memoriam* and the *Idylls of the King*—and here a more extended and intensive reference to the central figure of Christ would surely have solved many of the difficulties of conveying the message intended. Perhaps this merely

tells us something about the state of Tennyson's own faith; perhaps again it is indicative of his cautious artistic avoidance of clouded symbols, and his preference for those to which he could expect unconfused response. The audience of his own day had been so confused intellectually and emotionally by the higher criticism that he could count on no certain or unified response to Christian symbol.

Now a clear symbol creates emotional response not only by its own meaning and connotation, but also by the fact of its being a symbol, by the aesthetic pleasure defined by Mr. Barfield as a "felt change of consciousness." A degree of sophistication heightens this pleasure, as, for example, in the symbolic closes of many of Tennyson's poems. Just because the reader's intellect has been so intensely engaged in the conceptual exposition of such a poem as "On a Mourner," an exposition heightened, to be sure, by personification and imagery, he experiences shock in the transition to the sudden final vision of the night when Troy's prince rises

> With sacrifice, while all the fleet
> Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

Abruptly, through the transitional phrase "like a household god Promising empire," we are lifted to the sphere of symbolic pattern where the sacrifice of bereavement among the stony hills of sterile life is met by the promise and reminder of peace. The shock, the shift in responsive mode, carries with it the aesthetic pleasure of contrast which Burke characterized as sublime.

But this pleasure is not an end in itself. The symbols must not stand as the focus for the emotion they arouse. They must fill the next requirement set for symbolic method: the reality will be recognizable as in this instance a sign. Now this is true empirically of Tennyson's poetic symbols. Even insensitive readers recognize "Ulysses," for instance, as not a simple story, not a dramatic monologue of individual character, but a series of clues to a hidden meaning. How does Tennyson force the reader to recognize the larger meaning in his poems? Not by adhering to a rigid system of symbols, as has already been shown. How then? Partly by enhancing the mood with rhythm and tonal qualities, especially by the unique achievement of a slow-moving line, even in the usually choppy ballad metre, so that dignity and seriousness of movement suggest significance in the subject. (This can be illustrated even in a single line, such as "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea.") Partly, the symbolic significance is emphasized by placing: the recurrence of closing passages in which the scene suddenly shifts, the pace changes, and the per-

spective widens soon leads the reader to suspect double intention, in "Aylmer's Field," for example. Finally, we notice the habitual reference to levels. This will not affect us in a single poem, but we have hardly to read four or five pieces before becoming aware of how often Tennyson's scenery is stratified. Again and again our eyes will be led from plain to cliff to sky. Soon we begin to speculate whether Tennyson's intellectual eye moves in the same way, and whether he expects us to follow him from a simple literal level to a more difficult allegorical significance, and perhaps beyond that to anagogy, the dominant concept beyond the specific moral value.

Once recognized as a sign-post, the symbol must fulfil a final requirement: to direct our interest back to the original subject. How effectively do Tennyson's symbols succeed in enriching the significance of the thing symbolized? Does he increase in dexterity in shaping and placing his symbols? Is there any pattern in the kind of subjects which he considers fit for symbolic treatment? The answers to these questions involve an estimate of Tennyson's success and failure in this mode, and a chronological survey of his symbolic poems.

II

Even in the *Juvenilia* Tennyson showed an aptitude for oblique method. He was conscious from the first of the decorative value of the image, before he had any sense of its organic part in the total effect of the poem. In "Isabel," for instance, the metaphors of "golden" charity, Intellect's "sword," the "silver flow" of language, all serve to enrich the picture of his mother by turning on it the light of various analogies, military, religious, and natural. Metaphors are taken at random from conventional similes: the woman's heart is at one time a temple, at another a blanched tablet; and on the other hand flame is used once as an image of chastity, once as an image of love. But beneath the haphazard jumble we see that the poet is working toward another method of composition, for the images in each verse cluster around a central idea: that of religion in the first verse, of power in the second, and of nature's complexity in the third. The symbols of the Madonna, the Queen, and the flower (to be used often in Tennyson's later poetry) are latent in these image-clusters, not yet in focus, but ready for use when he has mastered the mechanics of his craft, and is ready to experiment with more basic techniques.

In metaphysics, he was already obsessed with the problem of the relationship between appearance and reality. In "The Two Voices" he left the question of final reality open:

> . . . something is or seems,
> That touches me with mystic gleams,
> Like glimpses of forgotten dreams. . . .

(Later, in *The Princess*, he was to recreate in the reveries of the Prince his own boyhood confusion between shadow and substance.)

The *Juvenilia* also show that Tennyson accepted from older poets the implicit metaphor of animism, and introduced personification and the "pathetic fallacy" into early poems as testimony of his assumption of a universal duality of appearance and essence.

Early mastery appears in the economy of treatment of Mariana's house, black, crusted, rusted, broken, sad and strange, set on "the level waste, the rounding grey," symbol of desertion by love. Contrast the impression indirectly achieved here with the more direct effect of "Deserted House," where the same equation of the house to the human body is heavily underlined, explained by the abstractions of "Life" and "Thought." A comparable pair of early poems, also from the 1830 volume, are "The Poet," and "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." Both show Shelley's influence. In "The Poet," Tennyson borrows Shelley's imagery of the seed of truth, the winged arrows of thought. He adds his own vision of golden sunrise in a garden (to recur in *Maud*), with "wreaths of floating dark upcurled," then writes in the equation marks by entitling the foreground figure "Freedom," and by embroidering on her robes the flaming tag, "Wisdom." The poem is an experiment in the stately mode of eighteenth-century allegory, but Tennyson later rejected the mode, with his usual sensitive perception of the changing tastes of his age. In "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," we have a symbol of Tennyson's own early poetic experience. Probably "Alastor" furnished the suggestion for that dreamlike voyage through sensuous impressions: citron shadows in the blue, embowered vaults of pillared palm imprisoning sweets, rosaries of scented thorn, and so on. The insistence on remoteness from the world of empirical reality, "apart from space, withholding time," sets us speculating on the possible parallels between the voyage and the experience of imagination. We form conjectures about the final landscape, with its "black grots," its strange lighting effects, its dark blue sky, wondering about the sudden emergence into the lofty hall with its two presiding deities. This is one of the few poems in which a personal mythology prevails; as if in reaction against the older form of stabilized, formalized parallels, the poet explored the realm of personal symbolism.

In the 1833 poems the poetic method matures. In "The Lady of Shalott" we have what I interpret as another symbol of poetic

experience: the silent isle apart from movement and life, the mysterious web, the charmed mirror which cracks when the lady turns to reality. We notice a groping towards symbolic colouring: the "colours gay" of the magic web, set within "four grey walls and four grey towers," duplicate the jewel colours of the knight as he rides through yellow fields, and "pale yellow woods." A comparable concentration on limited detail marks "Mariana in the South." In contrast with the jumble of poignant, but unselected, detail of the earlier "Mariana" we have here the single magnificent vision of the house "with one black shadow at its feet . . . and silent in its dusty vines." Details of wasteland landscape are added with "stony drought and steaming salt." Yellow emerges as the colour of grief and loss, and the symbolic cycle of the day is used for time, with an apocalyptic vision at the close, of the end of time and of loneliness, when at evening comes "a sound as of the sea" as Hesper rises, symbol of changeless love. In the ocean and the evening star Tennyson found realities which would evoke universal response.

In the same volume appeared "Oenone," "The Palace of Art," and "The Lotus-Eaters," a group on the power of sensuous beauty over the heart, showing an interesting range of symbolic method. "Idalian Aphrodite" in the first poem is a lovely static figure from classical myth. Her direct appeal is marred by the laboured and rather confused allegory of Hera's and Athene's speeches, but the symbolic power of the poem as a whole is restored by the controlled opening and closing, which contrast the early misty beauty in the Vale of Ida (the soul) before Aphrodite's triumph, with the final stripped and barren landscape, night without mist, "cold and starless." Then follows a typical *coda,* Cassandra's prophecy of war which suddenly suggests the influence on external relations of the soul's conquest by sensualism. "The Palace of Art" is baroque, more complex in its symbolism, using a tapestry technique of significant detail, both in the landscapes symbolizing the shifting moods of the self-pleasuring soul, and in the later recognition of dark corners, uncertain shapes, white-eyed phantasms. Again the end brings a shift in symbol, to the equation of the lost and isolated soul to a still salt pool, sand-locked, seeing waters withdraw, led by the moon, but hearing far off a roar, perhaps of the sea, perhaps of the barren rocks, or perhaps of the wild beasts of uncontrolled passion. As in "The Lady of Shalott," the numeral four is used to denote a completed cycle. In degree of obliquity "The Palace of Art" stands between "Oenone" and "The Lady of Shalott": the allegory is explained, but the explanation is at least kept outside the limits of the poem proper,

relegated to a preface. Last of the "sensuous soul" group is "The Lotus-Eaters." Here we have extended use of the contrast of land and sea: languid land in amber light, where the yellow lotus dust blows beneath three silent pinnacles—changeless land, contrasted with the warring, confused, time-filled, dark blue ocean. The tone of the three poems shifts from tenderness and fascination, through detachment, to weariness, the cloyed effect of satiated senses.

In the 1842 edition appear some new symbols, and several old ones. Birds recur, and illustrate the impossibility of systematizing the symbols. Rosalind is a "frolic falcon"; the blackbird is the singer who cannot produce in happy times; the mob are "wild hearts and feeble wings That every sophister can lime." (Later, Commerce is to be a "white-winged peace-maker.") Bird-songs follow Launcelot and Guinevere along the yellowing river. Other symbols are more fixed: "Ulysses" recalls the contrasted symbolism of barren crags and rust, opposed to the thunder and sunshine of the deep. But now Telemachus offers a third alternative, to be developed later into the Arthur figure.

Three poems in this volume illustrate the use of the sudden symbolic close. In "Audley Court," the two songs, of self and of love, end in a peaceful sunset, a green light in the harbour. In "Walking to the Mail," the theme of pity, as against "This raw fool the world, Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites," ends with the whimsical sight of "as quaint a four-in-hand As you shall see—three piebalds and a roan!" Finally, "The Two Voices" caps the plea for "more life, and fuller" with the vision of sunrise, of the family trinity, and of the hopeful fields.

In "The Day-Dream" we have another use of folk-lore, the reverse of allegorical didacticism, a vision presented (ostensibly at least) for its own sake, like "the wildweed-flower that simply blows." "And is there any moral shut Within the bosom of the rose?" The answer is sportive:

> . . . liberal applications lie
> In Art like Nature, dearest friend;
> So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
> Should hook it to some useful end.

But our next poem demands that we ignore this warning, for it is "The Vision of Sin." Here we move in successive levels, from the voluptuous world of human sense, past the universe of nature where the mist of sin and materialism rises, to a vision of God's apocalypse, where He "made Himself an awful rose of dawn." Then an interlude of the Dance of Death (its suggestion made too explicit in the song) leads to a vision of increased intensity of the decaying, shifting

material universe, where "Men and horses pierced with worms" form a weird setting for babbling explanations of the causes of sin—original nature, malice, the souring grain of conscience. Finally, as a tremendous chorus, comes the answer in a tongue unknown, like the voice in "On a Mourner," this time giving intimations, not prophecy; and the second vision of God's "awful rose of dawn." The poem is strange and strained. It represents a last intrusion of direct statement into the core of a poem whose major movement is oblique. A last poem in the 1842 volume shows no such lack of tonal unity. "Break, Break, Break" represents the height of Tennyson's symbolic method. It holds in perfect balance the "subject" of death and the "other reality" of temporal stones and eternal sea. It diverts conceptual and emotional response from the shout and song of the boys to the soundless haven of death. Finally it intensifies the ultimate regret for time past, by creating the unspoken contrast between the sea (whose individual waves breaking on the shore lose their own identity, but whose infinite nature is unchangeable) and the "tender grace" of unreturning time.

More hopeful is the *coda* of "The Golden Year," in which James's words of praise for work are echoed in a dynamite blast from the stone quarry, representing the breaking of sterility by a human agency.

In conclusion, I shall examine four poems, appearing late, which duplicate some of the characteristics noted in the early work. "The Higher Pantheism" and "Flower in the Crannied Wall" represent the old team of direct statement and oblique, in parallel poems, here on the question of the essence of self. The world of sense experience is a proof of consciousness, says the higher pantheist, and a mark of the division of man from the universe around him. But the flower, "root and all, and all in all," denies the possibility of differentiating by sense conclusions from the flux of time and space, and restores the final mystery by using affective symbol. "The Ancient Sage" and "Merlin and the Gleam" show that Tennyson was not only using the same techniques of symbolism in his later years as in earlier times, but was also applying the mode to the same familiar topics. "Merlin and the Gleam" presents a final fusion of the Arthurian elements of folk-lore with the theme of poetic experience. In "The Ancient Sage" we return to the classical correlative for a last word on the appeal of materialism.

This poem may be studied in detail for a final comment on Tennyson's later symbolic method. The duet form of its verse is intended to indicate the tonal difference between sensualist and sage: decorative, fanciful snatches of song interrupt the measured musings

of the sage. But the opposition of form does not extend to a contrasted use of direct and oblique techniques. The sage presents his case through a series of images: of the cave, whose fountain with its "higher" source symbolizes the faith he represents; of the city, from which he has escaped to die, but to which the younger man must return, to act, to "curb the beast," to live more charitably; of the mount, to which faith climbs. Clusters of images appear also in the song of the materialist: bird images, flower images, images of light and darkness, of animals, and of fruit ("The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit Is jutting thro' the rind"). The true contrast in the poem appears in the opposed interpretations which the two speakers apply to the images. Both sensualist and sage introduce symbols which focus the poem on the central concept of the cycle. There is the cycle of bloom and seed, symbol of hope to the sage, of imminent death to the materialist. There is the cycle of "the lark within the songless egg"; "the shell must break before the bird can fly," says the cheerful sage, but his young friend sees only the restrictions of "this earth-narrow life." There is the cycle of light and dark, cue for despair to the sensualist, but for the idealist a mark of the fusion of past and present, "as if the late and early were but one." Loss of identity, pictured by the materialist in human terms at first (in the aging warrior, merchant, plŏwman, and poet), is finally symbolized by the "ripple on the boundless deep That moves, and all is gone." But the seer shifts the symbol:

> But that one ripple on the boundless deep
> Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself
> For ever changing form, but evermore
> One with the boundless motion of the deep.

Similarly, clouds, which mean doubt to the materialist, lead the sage into a different interpretation, this time based on the scientific lore on which Tennyson so often drew for his imagery: "The clouds themselves are children of the sun." Science furnishes also his interpretation of interdependent light and dark:

> . . . Earth's dark forehead flings athwart the heavens
> Her shadow crown'd with stars.

Obviously, this poem suggests the richness of symbolism: "Idle gleams to you are light to me," says the sage; and he deplores the questioner's desire to define, to analyse, to prove, to wage the endless war of "counter-terms." The close of the poem brings a final example of the level-climbing *coda,* and a final plea for vision, in the mountain ranges rising to "the high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day."

Few changes in range of symbols; few extensions in basic range of subject-matter; no radical departure from the initial double line of attack, direct and oblique—are we to conclude that Tennyson was timid, or conservative, or simply that, having established an effective range of indirect techniques astonishingly early in his career, he accepted the tool as forged, and concentrated his effort on enlarging and deepening the thought content, the significance of the thing symbolized? Perhaps the most fruitful conjecture would be that Tennyson was aware that both direct and oblique methods have a poetic value, and that in his minor poems he made a consistent effort to fuse the powers of both.

JANE AUSTEN'S ART OF RUDENESS

EDD WINFIELD PARKS

THE comedy of manners is most entertaining when it is generously spiced with ill-manners. Jane Austen seems to have realized this instinctively, for she uses social rudeness as a motivating dramatic force often, and builds one novel largely around it. Her people live within, if not always by, a strict code of manners; without some such code, rudeness could not exist. Practically all novelists who are also social commentators recognize this truism and take advantage of it for incidental effects, but Miss Austen goes farther: in *Pride and Prejudice* she makes rudeness a part of the novel's fabric.

The professional Janeites, I understand, rank *Pride and Prejudice* last among Miss Austen's books on the ground that it is primarily a witty Cinderella story and that Elizabeth Bennet in becoming Mr. Darcy's sweetheart became also the world's sweetheart. The non-Janeite may well admit the partial truth of this judgment, though perhaps murmuring that the Cinderella theme is as old and as new as story-telling, but he also feels that the dramatic power and artistic integrity of *Pride and Prejudice* have been underrated. In it, particularly, social rudeness has been lifted to the plane of fine art. If there is softness in the love story, there is spice and bite in the relations between characters. For the rudeness does not exist as extraneous diversion (in both meanings of the word) or simply as wit; it reveals character, advances the action, and is integral to the story.

It does so because the combatants, if not invariably equal, are at least worthily matched. The infractions are in a sense minor. There is nothing to equal the act of inhospitality in *Northanger Abbey* when General Tilney orders Catherine Morland out of his house immediately, after discovering on a journey that she is not an heiress and therefore not worthy of his son. This episode is integral to the action as Miss Austen had planned it, but it has pathos rather than power. Catherine is not an antagonist but a sacrificial victim. Her father is too far away to protect her, and she is too helpless to protect herself. Most important of all, the extreme haste and high-handedness seem out of focus in a man who values family consequence as much as money or power; the same effect could have been secured by less drastic orders. But in that case the story might never have been properly resolved, since an easy-going Henry Tilney might not have been forced into rebelling against his father and championing the cause of Catherine.

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Elizabeth Bennet needs no champion. When she meets undue pride with prejudice, she meets it effectively. At the first meeting her prince charming seems utterly lacking in charm; when she is sitting out a dance and the idle Darcy is requested to dance with her, he looks her over critically and responds: "She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men." Elizabeth is not crushed. She employs levity and ridicule so effectively on later occasions that the genteel novelist Miss Mitford deplored "in every word of Elizabeth, the entire want of taste which could produce so pert, so worldly a heroine as the beloved of Darcy." In a freer age we appreciate the light touch and the sarcastic rejoinder. The meek may inherit the earth, but it is men and women *de bon air* who give life and liveliness to the novel of social manners. Elizabeth has this quality. She did not belong to the fainting school of femininity so common to the novels that Jane Austen satirized, and so little common in actual life; as G. K. Chesterton remarked, she "received two proposals from two very confident and even masterful admirers; and she certainly did not faint. It would be nearer the truth to say that they did."

Pride she assuredly has, and possibly impertinence, but she lives up to her hope that she never ridicules "what is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, *do* divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can." Lightness of manner is combined with a moral sense, a regard for the fundamental if not the surface conventions of society, and a capacity for self-judgment. These are not qualities that make for rudeness, especially in Miss Austen's novels, where habitual ill-manners grow out of pride of position or the reverse side of the same coin, uncertainty of position. Elizabeth approaches it when she attacks Darcy on behalf of her early admirer Wickham, and she is savage in her rejection of Darcy's first proposal, but her injustices and condemnations are based on lack of comprehension rather than on ill-nature.

Elizabeth had grown up in the midst of marital impoliteness. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet fight no pitched battles; they live in a state of cold war, with occasional forays and sniping guerrilla actions. Appropriately, Mrs. Bennet's principal weapon is her nerves; Mr. Bennet's, a sarcastic tongue. Such persons might be embarrassing in life, but they make entertaining companions in a book. Mr. Bennet's frequent rudeness to his wife grows out of superiority of understanding, lack of patience, and a cultivated eccentricity, and is mainly kept for

private display. But it is outside the house, at a ball given by Mr. Bingley, that his caustic speech becomes crucial in the story. He tells his pedantic daughter Mary after she has finished a second song: "That will do extremely well, child. You have delighted us long enough. Let the other young ladies have time to exhibit."

Mrs. Bennet combines weakness of brain with a consciousness of coming from an inferior family. She is constantly on the defensive with her husband and with those persons who seem to her over-proud; her attitude is well summed up by her remark to Elizabeth on the same occasion: "What is Mr. Darcy to me, pray, that I should be afraid of him? I am sure we owe him no such particular civility as to be obliged to say nothing *he* may not like to hear."

These incidents partially direct the course of the story through their influence on Darcy's mind. When he explains in a letter the unmannerly preliminaries to his first proposal, he does not scruple to lay considerable blame for his attitude and for his part in separating Bingley from Jane Bennet on "that total want of propriety so frequently, so almost uniformly betrayed by herself [Mrs. Bennet], by your three younger sisters, and occasionally even by your father."

If such acts by Elizabeth's family add complications to the story, a gross act of rudeness by Darcy's aunt helps mightily in resolving it. Lady de Burgh's habitual bad manners are based on an overweening sense of position and a meddlesome desire to control the lives of others: she scolded her cottagers "into harmony and plenty," made the fawning Mr. Collins into a convenience, and was even capable, at the end of a party, of determining "what weather they were to have on the morrow." She is rude to her inferiors, who in her estimation include practically everybody in the book except her own blood-kin; and she rouses Elizabeth to some flashing verbal sword-play. When she hears that Darcy may marry Elizabeth, she sallies out to attack Elizabeth and her family, and "at once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted." When Elizabeth coolly refuses, Lady de Burgh becomes more and more abusive until she asks rhetorically of the possible marriage: "Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

Not content with Elizabeth's shrewdly non-committal answers, she carries the attack to her nephew. The abuse backfired, for Darcy confided to Elizabeth that his aunt's remarks

> "taught me to hope. . . . I knew enough of your disposition to be certain, that had you been absolutely, irrevocably decided against me, you would have acknowledged it to Lady Catherine, frankly and openly."

Elizabeth coloured and laughed as she replied, "Yes, you know enough of my *frankness* to believe me capable of *that*. After abusing you so abominably to your face, I could have no scruple in abusing you to all your relations."

One could do with more abuse in novels if accompanied by an equal amount of wit. The rudeness in *Pride and Prejudice* has an added advantage: it is not an artificial device or an extraneous decoration, but is woven into the story itself. Thus integrated, its major function is to heighten the tension between characters, especially in their relations with Elizabeth. Most of what we know about these people comes to us as it comes to her, although Miss Austen dexterously hints at times that Elizabeth is temporarily blinded by her feelings and that we had better beware of full acceptance. But she is the focus of the story; it is because she is so frequently roused to action and so effective in meeting untoward situations that the novel has more dramatic conflict and more tension than any other of Miss Austen's works.

Elizabeth is never cowed. She can and does handle wittily the pompous proposal of self-assured, mean-minded William Collins and (after she has rightly evaluated him) the smooth insinuations of the opportunist Wickham. Her relations with her father, mother, lovers, and even friends are frequently tense, for in her character high-spiritedness often overrules a basic good nature. Her conflicts are all social conflicts, but though circumscribed in scope they have both depth and brittleness. The quality of brittle verbal sword-play gives an unusual sparkle to the surface of *Pride and Prejudice,* but the close integration of conflict, character, and action gives the novel complexity and vitality more enduring even than its brilliance.

II

Pride of social position is one of the dominant motifs in Miss Austen's works. The novelist considers a rational pride a good thing, but even a slight tendency toward overweening superiority results in a warping of character. She is willing to pardon good-hearted bad manners, and she shows a preference for open frankness to social polish. In general, rudeness reveals a defect in character, but in two notable instances it arose from defects in training. Darcy had been spoiled as a child and given an undue sense of superiority; as a symbol of essential soundness of character, Miss Austen emphasizes his kind treatment of people who admit being socially inferior to him, and points up the soundness with his readiness to reform himself when convinced by Elizabeth of his defects. His is a surface flaw. So too is

that of the heroine of *Emma*. She is rarely downright rude, but she has cultivated a sense of superiority along with other romantic illusions about herself. She must be chastened before she can develop into a rounded, worthy person, and she is chastened.

Rudeness, otherwise, is incidental in *Emma*. Although essential in the revelation of her development, it is not important as part of the action. When she breaks off the projected engagement of the young farmer Robert Martin and her pretty, addle-pated protégée Harriet Smith, she is guilty of a social snobbishness that must be rectified by discernment slowly developed out of humiliating experience. Her growth is mainly through self-realization, not through conflict. But when reproof is immediately needed, Miss Austen has supplied an able chastener in the person of Mr. Knightley. At a picnic Emma demands that each say one clever thing or three dull ones. The garrulous and good-natured Miss Bates responds immediately:

> "I shall be sure to say three dull things as soon as ever I open my mouth.". . .
>
> Emma could not resist.
>
> "Ah! ma'am, but there may be a difficulty. Pardon me, but you will be limited as to the number,—only three at once."

Emma's rudeness springs from a thoughtless assumption of superiority, not from ingrained characteristics. Her wit is used at the expense of one helpless to defend herself, but Mr. Knightley does a thorough job in pointing out that "thoughtless spirits, and the pride of the moment" do not justify humiliating a poor, kindly, older woman, however ridiculous she may on occasion make herself. The entire scene is dramatically handled; it is effective; but in the framework of the novel its purpose is to increase self-knowledge rather than to provide conflict. In fact, Emma barely attempts to defend herself, and she is vexed not with the reproof but with her own actions.

Far grosser violations of the social code Miss Austen allows to go unpunished when she feels that the character is not fundamentally decent. In *Sense and Sensibility* Mrs. Ferrars through control of the family property indefinitely delays the marriage of her docile and unemployed son Edward with Elinor, but she can be won over by cunning. After the vulgar and hypocritical Lucy Steele has managed to marry Robert Ferrars, the mother is reconciled. But Miss Austen is content to dismiss Lucy with an ironical moral: "The whole of Lucy's behaviour in the affair, and the prosperity which crowned it, therefore, may be held forth as a most encouraging instance of what an earnest, an unceasing attention to self-interest, however its progress may be apparently obstructed, will do in securing every

advantage of fortune, with no other sacrifice than that of time and conscience." Mrs. Ferrars, Robert, and Lucy are in her estimation fundamentally self-seeking, worthless creatures; since chastening could bring about no improvement, she does not bother with it. Such people are useful to her in complicating and temporarily delaying the main action in her novels, but she portrays them as having within themselves the seeds of their own discontent because they have no inner integrity.

They have also the potentialities for dramatic social conflict. But too much is explained, too little fused into the story. Mrs. Ferrars has a more tyrannical power over her son Edward and over Elinor than Lady de Burgh ever achieves over her nephew Darcy and over Elizabeth. In the action the tyranny operates rather remotely, as though from a *deus ex machina* rather than from a flesh and blood person who can be combatted effectively. Neither Edward nor Elinor has the strength to fight back against Mrs. Ferrars or the conniving Lucy Steele, when opportunities are provided for them to do so. In contrast with Darcy and Elizabeth, they seem passive, controlled, managed. This is particularly true of Edward, who seems a male counterpart of the meek Fanny Price in *Mansfield Park,* and no more capable of handling rudeness effectively than she is of holding her own against the domineering tactics of Mrs. Norris. This lack of strength does not matter in the minor characters: it helps a little in *Sense and Sensibility* for us to know that Mr. Palmer is ungraciously rude out of a "desire of appearing superior to other people," but his part is too incidental to do more than enliven a few pages of the story and need not be effectively met. When, however, an essential person like Edward or Fanny is confronted with situations beyond his or her capacity, Miss Austen by the structure of her novels is forced to substitute a contrived for a natural resolution. At their best, her stories develop out of characters instead of situations, and some of the most convincing complications out of snobbery.

Most of her unpleasant characters, most of her trouble-makers, have a false pride and often a spurious polish. Her few villains are never rude; they are soft, ingratiating, and deceitful. But fathers, mothers, and sisters bring on trouble by coldness and disdain as often as by rudeness. In *Persuasion* the Elliot family, with the single exception of Anne, is compounded of snobbery, although within the book itself they are rarely rude only because Miss Austen provides them with few suitable occasions. As a result, the novel is gentle: its characters are superbly realized, but the tensions are held within the characters rather than objectified by conflict between characters.

Pride and Prejudice has the outer conflict without sacrificing or weakening the inner tensions. It has both largely because false pride has been more freely translated into terms of action, and not left as a personal characteristic. This added dramatic quality is not secured at the expense of characterization but results in an intensification of the characters; Miss Austen has made the essential drama grow out of the persons even more than out of events. This dual integration she never achieved so completely in other novels, perhaps because in them rudeness is incidental rather than a constant motivating force.

Letters in Canada: 1950

Part II

VI. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. Collin

The novelty this year in French-Canadian letters is the impact of new thought, existenialism in particular, on orthodox thought, and its consequences. It was Newman who first applied the idea of development to the history of dogma. The Abbé L.-E. Otis, in *La Doctrine de l'évolution,* "reconciles undeniable facts with sincere beliefs" by showing that "the fact of evolution does not prevent God from being the author of every thing." Father Louis Lachance, a Dominican scholar and author of *L'Etre et ses propriétés,* regrets that conditions at the time of writing prevented him from mastering contemporary thinkers whose minds have been occupied with the problems of human existence, but one advantage he has gained from contact with existentialist thought is a deepened consciousness of the "ever-renewed actuality" of metaphysics. In *La Beauté de Dieu* by Father Arcade Monette, another Dominican scholar, impressions of density, austerity, the tenseness of intellectual analyses become attenuated by the presence of something new: the appeal to thinkers of our time, Kierkegaard, Berdyaev, Bergson, Gabriel Marcel, and the poetic figurations of divine perfections and the poetic suggestion of man's participation in them. This, no doubt, is because Father Monette has a poetic sensibility and an intuition of the intimate relation between art, especially poetry, and metaphysics. If he cared to probe further into nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature he would find Platonic symbolism due to no other cause than the association of the idea of sin and the idea of the flesh and the anguish of that association.

II

Some, not all, of our dramatists are prepared to deal with the anguish of existence. If an artist wishes to dramatize the tension between true love and the ethical law, he instinctively hits upon the illegitimate child. This is what M. Gratien Gélinas does in *Tit-Coq.* But this popular dramatist, while providing a good deal of fun, allowed love to be pushed around and dismissed the real problem, the great loneliness of the central character. Irony, smothered in *Tit-Coq,* is aggressive and potent in Eloi de Grandmont's *Un Fils à tuer.* This

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little play, classical in its Racinian simplicity and intensity, presents the clash of two uncompromising forces: tradition and new life. The situation in this home in New France is obviously intended to represent the "killing" atmosphere of conformism. The father is the traditional French-Canadian parent created by the "national" historians; his rule is work, duty, authority, mission; the law of the children, as he understands it, is obedience, "honour thy father and thy mother in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Jean is vital youth; moved by an obscure urge to sail away on one of the French boats in the river and see what life is, he spurns the traditional values. He does not want his way chosen for him, he wants to be responsible for himself; he mocks the authority which cannot make him stay where he does not want to stay. He picks up his bundle and leaves. His father, who calls him "deserter," the traditional stigma put upon a French Canadian who turns his back on the "sacred soil," takes a fowling-piece, follows the boy and kills him. When the body has been laid on the table, the mother (who has understood his strong desire to go) turns to her husband and cries "Assassin."

In another drama, *L'Ogre,* by Jacques Ferron, the author's imagination plays with the idea that "before marriage some monkey-business sent by the devil slips in between lovers." The play is a sort of Cocteau ballet arrangement of a fairy-story theme; the characters are symbolic puppets; they are Pierrots who look at life from the stage. The monkey idea suggested the settings: a castle in a forest and an oasis in a desert. The monkey, addressed as Monseigneur, squats in the centre of the stage on which there is a palm-tree and a telescope. The ogre of the fairy-tales is here a knight wearing the disguise of a pilgrim. Through the telescope he sees, in the distance, "a city bristling with belfries which give the hour and the law to the country." From that "strange Christian land on the confines of the world" a pretty girl ventures into the forest and comes to the knight's castle. She is persuaded to stay and she becomes an Amazon, that is, after the knight has possessed her she becomes the strength of womanhood. The meaning of the play strikes us when we see the Amazon with a prisoner, bound under the palm-tree. The palm-tree is the conventions; if a prisoner pulls the palm-tree down the oasis disappears and Arabia will be no more. They are sleeping when the knight comes upon them, facing each other, and he has the monkey lie down between them. When they awake they confess their love for each other, but the prisoner does not think the Amazon looks like the woman in his dream. She protests that she is the same woman and that his talk about day and night appearances and Psyche's lamp

shows that he merely loves his illusions. M. Ferron's irony and phantasy are too exquisitely subtle to be analysed. But the monkey-business is there: the doubt, the Hamlet-like indecision in the person of Jasmin, the psychic estrangement and the ironic union of marriage.

III

Sin and the torment of existence appear also as dominant themes in quite a few of this year's novels. Perhaps Ringuet started something when he built his *Le Poids du jour* (1949) on the anguish of illegitimacy. At first it would seem that Yves Thériault's *La Fille laide* is a story of primitive passions, for a display of which we are introduced to a small community up in the mountains, as in a Giono story. A strange atmosphere of hostility pervades the book—between folk of the plains, where the women are skinny and ugly and the men tall and arrogant, and the folk of the mountains, where the women are fat and beautiful and the men stunted and as hard as the rock against which their village is built. A mountain youth, Fabien, meets a plains girl, Edith, at the house of one of the magnificent mountain women, Bernadette Loubron, who has lived alone on the farm since her husband's death. The beautiful and jealous Bernadette tried to seduce Fabien; she mocked the ugliness of Edith. Fabien's strong fingers grasped her fleshy throat and strangled her. "Life is a series of proofs," he reflected, like an existentialist. "We live by proving our decisions to ourselves, by testing our acts. . . . One plucks a stalk of oats to see if the grain has germinated as it ought. I have proved to myself my love for you." Of Edith he requested a proof: ". . . if you stay with me, . . . come to my side, into my arms, it will be your proof. If you consent to do it, despite the crime, despite the dead woman and the blood on my hands, it will be because of love, and only because of love. You will have shown that your heart is as strong as mine." "It was the leap to be taken," writes Thériault. "Accept the crime, possess the man. . . . Refuse the crime, and then Fabien would leave that room, her life, everything. She would be alone. That was the struggle." The village folks thought they ought to be married. "It would be an insult to Edith," said Fabien. "She knows I love her. She has the proofs and I have the proofs that she loves me. We are united. If I demand of her a greater union, it would be an insult." An old woman from the village, Mother Druseau, said: "Without marriage there will always remain sin. Sin is ugly, ugly in the sight of God. You have spilled blood for your union. Is it then so beautiful? Take care that the fruit is not bad fruit." The fruit was bad; the child was a sick child, deaf, dumb, with no spark

in its eyes. Fabien carried it to a little pool. He spoke to it, tried to reason it into accepting death as life; but it struggled. Then Fabien cried "No" and brought it home. The villagers had come to prevent him from killing his child. To them he said: "Our life without marriage is a sin. Perhaps we deserve the child we have. It is God who knows that. Not us. And this baby, because it is not its fault that things have happened, deserves to be cared for." And so these primitive souls are integrated into Christian society; the sense of the life impulse becomes reverence for life understood in terms of sin, judgment, and the sacraments. Yet Thériault's sensibility is primitive, sensuous, vital. His lyricism of rocks, rivers, and man's vital impulses is the lyricism of Gide's "fountains of life." His mountain village, Karnak, is resonant with ancestral Breton and Druidic memories. Over all there is a village morality, an ancient sanctity, a solidarity of responsibility, into which Thériault brings his divinely natural creatures and establishes them there in holy harmony.

Donat Coste's *L'Enfant noir* raises problems: "marital frigidity," race mixture, illegitimacy, national myths, religious education. Juliette Pindus had elegance and beauty, but no money of her own. Her husband, Gratien, a financier, loved her and thought money could buy anything, but it bought him only the outer Juliette. To her, matrimony was a "perpetual pillory" and, pretending to be acting on doctor's orders, she left the nuptial chamber and installed herself in another room. Her maid, Madeleine, was a country girl, an orphan raised by her aunt. Fabien, a farm boy "destined to be the continuator of the Race and guardian of the land," loved her and was certain she "was the chosen woman in whom the Race would be perpetuated." But there was another young man, Gilles, a Senegalese, born under an unlucky star, so the sorcerer had said.

"Gilles," said Madeleine, "do you think it is a sin to love each other as we do?"

"I admit I had never thought of that," said Gilles. "But since you have confided in me and ask me, I can assure you and answer definitely no. You might as well ask if there is sin in watering the flowers or gathering them. They are things that have to be done and which are in the order of nature."

"Yes, but religion?"

"Religion, instead of admitting what is natural, has overwhelmed us with its maledictions . . . to cover up the end of God himself who said, Love ye one another."

Learning that the women of his household were fascinated by the Senegalese, Gratien's jealousy flared up, his white man's dignity boiled, and he dismissed Gilles, who forthwith threw himself into

the river. Realizing she was pregnant, Madeleine followed the way of her lover but she was pulled out of the water by Juliette. Now that Madeleine is to live, her life is a problem. She consults her aunt, whose favourite sport is telling fortunes by cards. All will be well, the cards say, if Madeleine marries Fabien. She married him. But what if the baby happened to be black? Again her aunt devised a plan to prepare Fabien for the shock: she had a Métis black his face, rush out from behind a bush, seize the horse, and almost upset the buggy in which the couple were riding one night. When it came, the baby was black. After consulting both doctor and priest, Fabien still felt bothered. The resourceful aunt prayed the Virgin to take the black baby to her bosom; its place, she felt, was either in Africa or in Paradise. So the child was taken. Again the river called to Madeleine. She stood on the bank in the sunshine and reflected: "To have loved. That was not her crime. Her crime was to have wanted to die." At that moment she heard Fabien's voice calling "Mado." "I feel better now," she said. "I will go with you." So Fabien and Madeleine began life anew on the farm according to the immutable law of the Race. The humour may not be very subtle, the Voltairian structure may be far-fetched, but the resentment is potent in the hopeless direction M. Coste gives to natural impulses, the desperate issue of suicide, and the irony of beginning life anew. Religious education, in the opinion of this author, is a poor preparation for life.

Robert Elie, in *La Fin des songes,* frankly builds his story upon a radical criticism of Christian morality. Here for the first time in French-Canadian imaginative literature we are brought into a purely existential atmosphere: the atmosphere of man's essential loneliness saturated with the anguish of frustration. We have a revelation of the secret anguish in the hearts of people whom life has yoked together but who are separated by nature. At the end of each day these people come upon anguish again, that "mangy dog" that does not belong to them. Between them and the object of their desire stands life, "cette chienne de vie," "this woman-bitch that drivels and writhes in pain, sex symbol of the irremediable frustration of man."

La Fin des songes is the story of Marcel Laroque and his descent into the night of spiritual loneliness. At the beginning we have a feeling of insecurity. A car, at the mercy of a nervous driver, Louis, is running along a road between a canal and a deep ditch, suspended between life and death. In the car are Marcel, Jeanne his wife, and his two little daughters. They are going to a family reunion at Bernard's cottage on the lake. The landscape is familiar to Marcel,

it recalls his childhood, so far away, lost. At the cottage we meet Bernard, his wife Nicole who is Jeanne's sister, and the youngest of the three sisters, Louise; all the parents are there too, wealthy but not happy; they soon pass out of the picture. Marcel is left with two or three houses, the rents from which augment his ridiculous salary as a newspaper man. He is the artist type, poet and dreamer. A few months before the war he had married Jeanne, hopefully, but also because of "lassitude and fear of finding himself alone." The war took Bernard to England and Europe. For three years he was separated from his wife and on returning he had the impression of being among "familiar strangers." His problem, indeed the problem of each character, is to find himself again, to find the others again, to find life again. And with this "chienne de vie" separating them, the search seems futile: the atmosphere is stagnant, heavy with lassitude, a sense of being defeated from the start.

The structure of the novel reflects the curve of the problem. The first half views the situation from the outside; the second half is a diary which permits us to view it from the inside; the closing pages bring us again to surface reality and, in the light of the tragedy, we have the revelation of a new ethic. What is the cause of this anguish? "When I was a boy," writes Marcel in his diary, "I was taught to associate nakedness with evil." The affirmation "desire is chaste" seems to open the way to salvation. He thinks of Renoir's "bodies which catch the light, which stream with light." The idea of sin separates us from the object of our desire; we are out of touch with ourselves, with others, with life. Utterly lonely we grope in the dark for that light, the certitude of "innocent flesh."

M. Elie's principal characters are symbolic figures invented to the end of representing the possible issues and tensions, the effects of distance. Bernard has the dynamic will that Marcel lacks; he reads Stendhal, who reveals the springs of human action, the forces in society, the strategy of life, the promise of victory, but Bernard becomes absorbed in business and gradually fades out of Marcel's vision. Jeanne's piety represents the barrier of Jansenist morality. Marcel, then, descends into himself; he becomes that intoxication which he finds in painting and dancing. Louise, the youngest sister, the unsatisfied one, the dark bitter girl who stiffens at the approach of love, the "untouchable" who really wants to come into touch with life, is the sign of Marcel's deep desire. How can he reach her? How can he foil the conspiracy that keeps them apart? How can he assuage that hunger of the body, how can he recover that exaltation of bodies which find their purity again? He took Louise to an

exhibition of contemporary masters where he made her feel the sunshine, the fresh air, the life in these paintings. Then he took her to a hotel he knew and, at the threshold, the old anguish seized him, that "chienne" which tells him it is useless. After intoxicating Louise he violated her defenceless body. She awoke to call him horrible. He had come to the end of his dreams. He threw himself under a street-car.

The pages of this novel are dense with spiritual insights. Whenever M. Elie speaks, whether it be to introduce an artist like P.-E. Borduas or a poet like St. Denys-Garneau, he speaks of the inner life, the life of the spirit, super-reality, the region where the finite and the infinite meet. Marcel's inner crisis bears a strange resemblance to Garneau's inner crisis; Garneau's theme of the bones—"our skeleton has not been sullied or deformed"—is paralleled by Marcel's affirmation, "our flesh is not defiled," and, no doubt, M. Elie has put something of himself into Bernard, his guilty feeling of estrangement from and abandonment of Garneau. In his search for the purity of the flesh M. Elie has reached a Gide-like purity of vision and language. Marcel's experience calls for a new morality, not characterized by love, for that word rings with echoes of the old conspiracy, but by sympathy, understanding, D. H. Lawrence's tenderness, Garneau's charity, M. Elie's *entente*—words unsullied with the idea of sin.

"We are in the age of Freudism and existentialism," writes François Hertel in a "postface" to *Six Femmes, un homme*. "Almost all the characters I have brought on the scene can be definitely explained within these perspectives." Hertel, who is a priest, has already in previous works displayed his skill in ordering the inquietude and anguish in the world within the conceptual patterns of scholastic teaching. What he attempts to do in his new book, which he calls a novel, is to interpret the human experience he finds in the contemporary novel—frustration, loneliness, narcissism—in terms of orthodox Christian experience. "There is no novel which does not express a clinical case." The idea that a story needs a "philosophical prolongation" leads him to adopt a new structure for his own novel: first, the scheme of recording reflections in a diary as we have seen it in Robert Elie's book, an art perfected by Kierkegaard, and then of analysing with the aid of Freudian complexes and reflexes. Rejecting narrative, which he feels betrays reality, he prefers a system of "plaques," sensitive plates whereon "the same story returns in multiple figures and is never quite the same story." Hertel's romances tell the old story of the meeting of man and

woman in the new form of one man's meeting with six women. But the man is an artist, a sculptor, a philosopher, who loves not woman but the creation of his own hands. And this provides Hertel with the concept of the unsatisfied man, the man who in his search for the infinite, the absolute, the Form, is really seeking God. Woman, Hertel believes, is the enemy of the artist; the artist is in love with the beauty of form, while woman loves security. When Lola writes that she is willing to see him again on one condition, eventual marriage, Gombauld does not reply. He fled from Suzanne, a beautiful odalisque on skis, for the same reason. Isabelle, whom Gombauld met in Paris, felt on her return to Canada as Elie's Bertrand did, as if she were among "familiar strangers." She had known liberty; she felt deprived of it. In Europe she had noticed that people are moved by an inner spring rather than by social conventions. Her story ended in suicide. Pitchounette, a Brazilian beauty, was enthralled with a vision of Paris; she left her mediocre husband for a new life with Gombauld. Her particular form of anguish is traced back to her father, whom she detested; she could not give herself wholly to the man she loved because her father seemed to stand between. She then had to be content to be admired by men and to live and die like Narcissus, in the admiration of her own beauty. It was Pitchounette who awakened Gombauld to a sense of his own loneliness.

> After knowing intimacy, to come back again into solitude is bitter. The solitary, if he is not a hermit or an ascetic, feels like a lost child. Absolute solitude is not liveable except in the intimacy of God. . . . In absolute solitude one is dead to what is not essential. All that remains is to understand that that essential, that unique necessity, is God. . . . We artists are so directed to the outside, precisely by our need of creation, that we can hardly seek God except under borrowed names: Absolute, Beauty, Form. But those are not the essential names of God.

What Gombauld finds, then, is "the tragic human solitude" that urges the artist to seek love "because we are born of love and because there is a Love which is the basis of all things, somewhere, in the depths of space and time."

The remaining novels follow the traditional lines of story-telling. The best of them is Gabrielle Roy's *La Petite Poule d'eau*. The art is the naturalism of a born story-teller who has trained her eye to take in everything and her heart to enjoy the humour of innocence. There are three parts to the book, centring on Luzina, who takes her yearly vacation to hospital to bring back her new baby, the school, and the Capuchin missionary, beloved of European immigrants. They

represent the three stages of man: birth, the opening of the mind, and mature life. The Water-Hen region is the wilderness of Manitoba where life is primitive and comforts few. Luzina's growing family creates the problem of education; her appeal to the Minister of Education, the erection of a school, and her dealings with successive teachers are amusing episodes in the story. The best pieces, however, are the description of Saturday night on Main Street, the motley crowd and the babel of languages; the irony of Presbyterian Kathy perturbed by the decline of religious spirit and seeing in the Capuchin another John Knox; and, lastly, the sermon preached by the missionary on the occasion of a Métis celebration. Many delightful anecdotes, indeed, are recounted of the Capuchin: the burdens he imposed upon himself by his resolution to protect a Métis trapper against exploitation by a mercenary trader; his acquisition of an old locomotive bell to hang on his church; his appropriation of Kathy's talents as organist. But his sermon on love is inimitable. He had noticed a "ball" of prairie chickens, and the Métis dance in which there is a call for partners became a court in which roosters, like courtiers, politely bow to plumed ladies. As in the bird kingdom, some human souls are ponderous, held down by terrestrial preoccupations, hardly able to fly. Others soar into their natural element. The missionary turned in this direction and that and spoke to each group of settlers in their native tongue, creating good feeling and joviality all round. He preached love and inspired love because he himself loved people. The story closes with the sad thought that a man, a religious man, had to leave the old life of Europe behind and come into this north land to feel free to love. "To him also the old civilization seemed far away, kindly, gracious. The further he had penetrated into the North Country, the freer he had been to love." Perhaps Miss Roy has given us here a picture of the stock out of which will proceed the Canada that is to be.

Coming back to Quebec, there is one captivating novel which by virtue of its superior qualities ranks with the best of Canadian fiction. It is Bertrand Vac's *Louise Genest*. Again, as in the novels of Elie and Hertel, it is the story of a married woman's dream of happiness. Louise was beautiful; at sixteen she was married to Genest, and sixteen years later, despairing of ever knowing true happiness, she left her husband and her son, Pierre, and went off with a Métis. By way of revenge, Genest took the boy out of school and sent him to a lumber camp. The thought of her son constantly tormented Louise and, hearing that he had been lost, she went through the woods looking for him, crying "It's my fault! It's my

great fault!" until she became exhausted. Seeing something that looked like a human form on the other side of a pond she rushed forward, stumbled and sank; when the water subsided she was found, face down in the mud. In her hand she held little Pierre's rifle, the only thing of his that was ever found. Much of the narrative is an examination of conscience: Louise's self-interrogation and her self-justification. The pre-eminence of this picture of Canadian life, which owes nothing to myths, is in a large measure a matter of the author's skill in depicting Louise's struggle with her conscience.

L.-G. Lapointe's *Le Moulin du Crochet* is a long historical romance of colonial days for the background of which the author draws freely from historical records of the period. Rolland Legault's *Risques d'hommes* is an account of the difficult and exciting life of a lumberjack, full of risks and temptations. *Isabelle de Frêneuse,* by Charlotte Savary, plunges us into the sordid atmosphere of contemporary social and political life.

Anne Hébert's short stories in the volume entitled *Le Torrent* bring us again into the tragic atmosphere we found in *La Fin des songes* by R. Elie, whose instruments of thought are similar. Miss Hébert is essentially a poet and these stories are distinguished from poetry only by their form; the poetic experience, resulting from the duality of the poetic personality, expresses itself here less abstractly, as symbolic characters who incarnate the two opposing forces which create the anguish. A poet, who is aware of his life as a surge of impulses within him, is irked by routine, every-day existence, which appears stagnant, paralysing, and seeks to free himself from it. If he cannot free himself physically he frees himself imaginatively and this separation of dream from reality is tragic. On the one hand, "house"—as it does in "La Maison de l'esplanade"—might come to symbolize the bondage of tradition and custom; on the other, "water" symbolically expresses the essential life of the poet, his super-reality. First there is a torrent, a rush and roar of falling water. François comes to it by looking into himself. And, as his mother had forbidden him to look into himself, he saw a raging gulf and heard accusing voices. His fate, the poet's fate, is to become one with the torrent, to lose himself in his lonely, frightful, rich adventure. This story is notable for its luminous examination of the poet's consciousness of his fate. One of her most beautiful creations, "L'Ange de Dominique," is the story of an invalid who is visited—when her aunt is not about—by a cabin-boy who charms her with his dancing, for he is the dancing spirit of the sea. In the end Dominique's spirit, a dancing spirit, dances into the water. The exquisite beauty of

Miss Hébert's tragic irony is created by the play of her intelligence on these structural symbols.

Françoise Gaudet-Smet's *Racines* is a collection of peasant narratives. This author's art is remarkable for its fidelity to the speech and customs of country folk.

Social satire is making remarkable progress thanks, in part, to the support it receives from the visual arts. Our popular ways of thinking, our social and political fetishes are being riddled with satire by caricaturists. We even have a "national caricaturist" in the person of Robert La Palme. As far back as 1934, in a portrait of Hitler, La Palme grasped the symbolism of the lock of hair and the square moustache. "It was a synthesis of the man," writes Jean-Louis Gagnon in a note to a collection of La Palme's caricatures, *La Palme*. "The forelock accentuated the Napoleonic aspect of German National Socialism and the Chaplin moustache brought into relief the tragic and ridiculous idiocy of the house-decorator." La Palme's drawings have appeared in many books and reviews. They adorn *Denrées périssables,* signed by La Rabastalière. Another literary caricaturist, Carl Dubuc, has two tricks. In *Brigandages* he either uses *lapalissades* or pours new ideas into old proverbial forms. "China is a country distinguished by the extent of its territory, the number of its rivers, and the presence of numerous Chinese. Chinese, in fact, are in the majority. From early childhood, the Chinese learn to speak Chinese; it is a constant marvel to see children who speak Chinese as if English did not exist."

Romanced autobiography is also making headway. *Les Elus que vous êtes,* by Clément Lockquell, is a personal record of a teacher's life in a Catholic college, his loneliness, youthful enthusiasms, the shocks to his sensitive nature, "le terrible quotidien," his spiritual satisfactions. Brother Bernard was fond of composing character sketches in La Bruyère's manner, little suspecting that others might keep notes of his own idiosyncrasies. When Brother Bernard became prefect one of his reforms consisted in giving literature a place of honour; to bring flood waters into what was a desert, he replaces funeral orations and tragedies with the poetry of Villon, Vigny, Verlaine, Nerval, Léon Bloy. The rhythm of institutional life goes on; young professors appear fresh from the scholasticate, ardour in their eyes; the old ones lay down their arms and go off to the hospital. Brother Bernard, stricken with a heart condition, but comforted to think that he may have succeeded in infusing in some human soul confidence in virtue and respect for the values of the mind, proceeds to the infirmary where all appear friends in the light and warmth of the same fire.

The art of Father Jean Bousquet is that of a shepherd trying to keep his sheep from going to sleep or from straying into forbidden fields. His portrait of the parish priest in *Les Tribulations du curé de Saint-Tristan* is drawn on the principle: to the stars by way of amusement. While his favourite pastime was reading Léon Bloy, he organized sports and showed the popular film, *The Song of Bernadette*. The power of the film was miraculous; the sheep called for it again and the priest had no difficulty in destroying the last shreds of scepticism and reviving the devotion to the Rosary.

IV

Poetry is the art of transmuting anguish into beauty; lyrical poetry is the beauty of the anguish of love. That is why the agony of Christ has always fascinated poets and mystics. The Mass, which Father Alphonse Métivier, in his *La Messe mieux comprise,* tries to make us understand and love, is the core of the liturgy of the Catholic Church because it is the symbolism of that agony. In the poetry of the Mass, as Father Métivier reveals it, we find also the beauty of a priest's intuitions: the "Great Charter," the "compass of salvation," and the way "towards the spiritual stratosphere."

Reine Malouin's latest creation, *Inviolata*, invites comparison with Vigny's *Eloa*. Eloa was born of the tear that Christ shed over Lazarus, and Vigny's poem stands out in French literature as the poem of pity. Inviolata was born in precisely the same manner, by God breathing into a human passion, but she is born of the smile that blossomed on Christ's lips before they became sealed in death. *Inviolata,* like *Eloa*, is an "allegorical poem." There are three characters: Inviolata, a star which has come to earth, represents the power of the spirit; Hélène is woman, the passion of woman, love of the flesh, life; Amadis is the unhappy lover, the poet, tormented, as we have already seen him in Elie and Hertel, by the ideal, the poet in whom flesh and spirit are in constant conflict. Amadis will embrace Hélène, he will know the intoxication of passion, but he loves Inviolata. Hélène is not his queen and she will suffer to see him go; but Inviolata is the soul of the poet, she is the lover's poetry in a "robe of light."

Rina Lasnier is a Christian poet; her anguish is something she has lived, no doubt; her wound is the sense of sin; sin is the arrow in her heart. In the last volume of hers we noticed, *Le Chant de la montée* (1947), she was inspired by the holy women of the Old Testament who, though none was perfect, "anticipated" the perfection which belongs to the Immaculate alone. In *Escales* she has come into full possession of her wonderful gifts. What is new is the

bitter irony which she creates out of impotent resentment: the "panic" irony, the irony of metaphysical ecstasy. Her ironic spirit has a wonderful diversity of resources, but draws its greatest power from two myths, one Christian, one pagan. In Eve's gesture, her head bowed in humiliation, Miss Lasnier finds an understanding of humble things: grass and moss. The story of Adam and Eve provides her with the irony of innocence and flight. A most subtle irony is born of an intuition of the meeting of Eve and the great God Pan after the Fall, "when blood is no longer the panic wine of the soul." If the defiant romantics leagued themselves with Prometheus, this poet finds consolation in Danae's fulfilment. That pagan myth of woman incarcerated by a father's ire and receiving Jupiter in the form of a shower of gold and conceiving a hero in her bosom appears to be the source of Miss Lasnier's cosmic symbolism. The perfection of this art is the little poem "Cycle de la neige":

> Les eaux vierges et captives, ô Danaé,
> Détournées de ta bouche par le sel très chaste,
> Garderont toujours le sursaut de leur marée
> Pour s'unir à l'or olympien des astres.
>
> Les eaux prises au cycle de tes manèges
> S'en iront très loin avec l'âme du silence
> Pour former à nouveau l'enfance de la neige,
> Et choiront ces étoiles déjouant la distance.

Eloi de Grandmont sees Serge Deyglun as a young poet driven by insubordination and warns him that "in this country crimes against orthodoxy are punished very severely." The art of *Né en trompette* consists in creating new sensations, "frissons nouveaux," as Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé did before him, or in creating new associations of images which accelerate alarmingly our mental mechanisms. He often does this with the aid of the new inventions of modern life, by associating soda fountains, cigarettes, skyscrapers, with old associations, with symbols in the dusty volumes of his favourite poets. He speaks of rocks as "refrigerators where the sun is kept." With a regional image he revivifies the old temptations of the flesh:

> Dans la vitre sale d'un affreux restaurant, j'ai vu une fille outrageusement belle. Ses yeux, comme des bleuets, fixaient la route. J'ai cueilli les bleuets mais ne les ai pas mangés.

Even piety is a new sensation; and Baudelaire's boredom and wish to go "anywhere out of the world":

> La lune, comme une lavandière, trempe ses rayons de linge blanc dans la barbe de Neptune. Demain . . . demain sera comme hier et comme

aujourd'hui. On avance. Mon hublot semble cligner de l'œil. Navire de quelque part . . . gens de nulle part . . . et je pars.

With the wide-eyed wonder of Rimbaud he wanders among the city's "illuminations": "I have seen mosquitoes frolicking on the quivering neons." The idea of wandering shyly among these illuminations clicked with the memory of Mallarmé's "L'Après-midi d'un faune" and produced the delightful phantasy "Nuit du faune":

J'ai bu des cocktails de rosée. Mon corps s'est dissous dans le brouillard et j'ai rampé dans les roseaux.

J'étais ivre de fumée et j'ai chanté avec les grenouilles.

Je me suis appuyé sur les quenouilles embrumées et c'était bon de voir que ces réverbères pliaient avec moi.

Je suis le faune de l'étang. Je m'enduis de lune et je vais, sur les rayons, "magasiner" de l'amour et des étoiles. J'ai donné des baisers . . . j'ai fait mourir la rose tant ce baiser était profond. J'ai créé et détruit en même temps.

Je glâne les parfums au rythme des criquets. Tiens ! mon Broadway s'allume. Les panneaux-réclame des mouches à feu annoncent l'amour. J'entre dans un bar : "Aux Lucioles Assoiffées". Je bois et je danse. Un "ouaouaron" joue de la contrebasse sur un nénuphar sans fleur; un autre, aux tambours des champignons, prend un air détaché.

J'ai glissé sur la ville, j'ai éteint les panneaux et je me suis dissous dans le brouillard.

In previous surveys we have reviewed two collections of Alphonse Piché's poems: *Ballades de la petite extrace* (1946) and *Remous* (1947). M. Piché is the ancient mariner dying of loneliness ashore. "I am the sea god suffocated by the shore," he cries in his new volume *Voie d'eau*. Deep water is his fatal mistress. She woos him:

> Je glisserai sur toi mes lentes caresses d'algues . . .
> Et dans les conques nouvelles de ta bouche et tes yeux
> J'éterniserai
> La mortelle douceur de mon baiser
> Et de mes larmes.

suffocated ashore, the forms of water he sees are various ingredients of his sorrow: a river bank is the memory of dreams that have passed, actions gone, lovers departed; mist is solitude; snow is melancholy. He is a rock, everlastingly alone; he feels the torpor of concrete and asphalt; quays are ugly things; departure is a signal of his desire

> Vivre en cette eau douce
> Sans cesse recommencée de mon amour.

The most chiselled of these poems, "Eau profonde," captures all the sense of his life:

Pour y mourir,
Là s'en vont les amours brisées et oubliées;
Là se perdent les pas dans le sable et la roche;
A la dernière aurore,
Là se ferment les yeux sur la dernière étoile;
Et sur l'onde assouvie
Le moment d'une main, vers le dernier soleil.

La Voie Saguenayenne is a very amusing and original work by a barrister, Georges Larouche, of Jonquière, near Arvida the aluminium city on the Saguenay River. It concerns the newly opened highway connecting these towns with Quebec City. Before it was opened the inhabitants lived in a sort of Tibet; to them it is "the highway of deliverance." M. Larouche's delight is to shuttle back and forth by bus along this highway. Seventeen trips he makes in this book. He sits down in the bus, takes out his note-book, writes down the name of the place, the number of the bus, the driver's name, and the date, as though he were writing a letter. Each narrative follows the sinuosities of the highway, up, down, and around the hills and lakes. His impressions of the wild landscape of the Laurentides National Park, Jacques Cartier Lake, and the heroism of man are humorous by virtue of their contemporaneity. Forests, for example, are "paper in reserve, condensed houses"; magnificent mountains "spread out their pelts"; on the Saguenay "pylons shoot forth." If our grandfathers could have seen us! If this highway had been made in time, he reflects, there would be few Franco-Americans.

Vers le triomphe is a bouquet of prose pieces intermingled with poems; the tone is serene, the temper reflective. Eddy Boudreau, the poet of suffering, diagnoses the world's malady as a "permanent capitulation before the essential." Suffering is universal because we no longer recognize the need of binding ourselves together in brotherly love. He has a deep sense of national values, the vices of cities and the satisfactions of country life, the "sublime role" of the habitant and his noble ancestors, a sympathy with humble folk, peasants, workers, and the fishers of his native land, Evangeline's Acadia.

V

If we need evidence of the maturity which literary criticism has attained in our time we may find it in two prefaces: Bruno Lafleur's preface to the "Nénuphar" edition of Laure Conan's *Angéline de Montbrun* and Clément Marchand's preface to a new selection of Nérée Beauchemin's poems. "There are books," writes M. Lafleur, "which are worth what they are worth, but there are also writers who,

now and then, are human beings. Even if they have not succeeded in writing masterpieces it may happen that they touch us, especially if, like the author of *Angéline de Montbrun*, they have mixed with many impersonal elements some few drops of their own blood." Guided by this principle M. Lafleur pushes aside patriotic fervour, the worship of great men who have served their country, the idea of discipleship, of imitation, and focuses his attention on Laure Conan as a novelist of "the inner life." For him the real novel begins when the idyll between Angéline and Maurice is broken, when after an accident which disfigures her, Angéline retires into the solitude of her own soul. "Angéline keeps a diary which describes the transformation of her human love into love of God. . . . Angéline's diary is in fact the transposition, naïve no doubt, but sincere and how touching, of the drama Laure Conan herself lived."

M. Marchand looks at Beauchemin (1850-1931) in his time and place: the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Canada and France. He sees him removed from literary currents abroad, disengaging himself from the militant themes in his own environment, and progressing slowly towards a humanism that is universal. He observes that:

> Up to 1900, the great themes were drawn from the notions of race and religion. But, gradually, the literary arts freed themselves from this double yoke, left the service of the militant thesis and took over the duty of expressing the Canadian soul. Along this road which leads to the disinterested themes of humanism, progress is slow and arduous, each pushing farther ahead the path of discovery. . . . Beauchemin was one of these pioneer writers . . . his inspiration cast aside the grey livery of the thesis-idea and gradually came nearer and nearer to ontological themes. . . . It was no longer a question of serving a cause but the Idea, with means so genuine that they exclude the heroic grandiloquence and academic rhetoric dear to his predecessors.

Beauchemin, by virtue of his "spiritual unity," may not have known the metaphysical inquietude of our poets today, yet, by his will to look into his own soul, he closed a cycle and made possible the opening of a new cycle and the advent of poets like St. Denys-Garneau.

"The universal" and "the human" are concepts which ultimately control Guy Sylvestre's impressions of dramatic art as he records them in *Impressions de théâtre*. M. Sylvestre recently spent a few weeks in Brussels and Paris where he had occasion to see a variety of plays, classical and modern. He saw and he reflected. Like a schoolboy in a theatre for the first time he was delighted with the scenic effects, impressed by the skill of the actors. But as a Christian humanist

he saw more than scenery and actors, heard more than perfect declamation. Dramatic art, he reflected, is the revelation of the complexity of man's nature. The art of Camus disappoints him because his characters lack complexity and mystery; Gabriel Marcel satisfies him because his characters have these qualities. *Britannicus* impresses him as "one of the peaks of universal drama." "It is the tragedy of all courts of all times." Racine impresses him also as a dramatist who "fathoms the human heart." If any one dramatist completely wins M. Sylvestre's affection it is Claudel. In him he sees "the spectacle of the destiny of man in a struggle with himself, with woman, with the universe, with God. . . . Claudel has brought back to the theatre 'the terrible mysteries of the Christian faith' which Boileau had banished. . . . His characters are not saints, they are poor sinners; and that is why the Cross is at the very centre of their destiny. The Redemption is at the heart of human history, but each man and woman is called to accept the cross which alone can save." To those wishing to follow the "inner conversion" of Claudel, the "work of salvation," the "philosophical itinerary," the situation of a soul struggling with God and with the universe, we recommend a book by Father Pierre Angers, *Commentaire à l'Art Poétique de Paul Claudel.*

In J.-D. Gauthier's thesis, *Le Canada français et le roman américain,* we have a revelation of the value of Canada and Canadian history to the American novelist. The check-list of American novels covers twelve pages of this text. Such a wealth of material is hard to handle, but M. Gauthier does it very well under two principal headings: cultural background, and social and historical types. How do American novelists represent these? Not very well, M. Gauthier concludes. "We have met with gross errors which often leave us with a rather sad picture of Canada. The novelists have not always grasped the French spirit." He attributes this to three principal causes: Parkman, prejudice, and ignorance. Parkman could not grasp the religious spirit. "Convinced of the superiority of Protestant civilization over every other, he could neither understand nor praise the essentially humanist and Christian civilization of France."* Canadians are represented as speaking a *patois*; the habitant is nothing but a bumpkin led around by the priest. The history of Canada, for American novelists, "ceases to be interesting after the conquest." Of all the novels M. Gauthier reviews, Willa Cather's *Shadows on the*

*M. Bruchési, in a study entitled *Rameau de Saint-Père et les Français d'Amérique,* reports this word of Hector Fabre in 1895: "Parkman has rendered service to Canada by interesting Americans in our history."

Rock is "the only important document on Canada," comparable to Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine.*

Damase Potvin, a native of the Saguenay country, has interested himself in matters pertaining to Louis Hémon. In *Le Roman d'un roman,* which is mainly anecdotal, there is nothing that can be called literary criticism, nothing that adds to the stature of Hémon. We learn that his father was a teacher and scholar who published an edition of Corneille's plays. M. Potvin reproduces an unpublished photograph and gives us what he believes is the truth of the tragedy of Auguste Lemieux, the François Paradis of the novel. He was an experienced and rather choleric guide who met a mysterious death while escorting two Frenchmen who wanted to buy pelts from the Indians. Pieces of his body were found in a clearing north of Peribonka.

Paul Toupin's *Rencontre avec Berthelot Brunet* is a sympathetic account of the Bohemian of French-Canadian letters. Author of some novels and a fantastic history of French-Canadian literature, Brunet was a combination of Verlaine and Charlie Chaplin; an ugly little fellow, alcoholic, diabetic, he drifted like flotsam from restaurant to hospital. "Like a good young man, he would sit at a restaurant table, full of his last resolutions to sin no more, contemplating a small, simple, quiet bottle of beer." He spent many winters, vacations, week-ends in hospital and often left by the fire-escape. M. Toupin also describes him in bath-robe and slippers, looking like a Jap. He kept his monumental typewriter on a sewing-machine and when he worked he stood with one foot on the pedal. Brunet was indigent, but without prejudice or fanaticism. Society, its justice and its complicated economics, disgusted him. The classics were his favourite reading. As a critic he praised the work, not the man, and the sense of the work rather than the work, especially if it sprang from the heart.

Brother Robert of the Christian Schools, a scientist, has written a learned work, *Les Astres et les lettres,* in which he applies his science of astronomy to control the literary man's references to the night sky. As we have kept a vivid memory of Ringuet's *Le Poids du jour,* we were curious to hear what an astronomer had to say about the star that Jocelyne looked for. "Those beautiful stars of the summer sky," writes Brother Robert, "pursue their courses through our galaxy as specks of dust whirl in a puff of smoke. They never feel 'the burden of the day,' for it is immeasurably long. . . . Their day began, like that of the earth, the moon, the galaxies, three thousand millions of years ago." But for Jocelyne, we imagine, there was only one star and its name was neither Venus, nor Vega, but an unastronomic star called Helen.

VI

The best sociological thought is directed by the idea of the dignity of work. The "scandals" of Fernand Bourret's *Scandales de l'économie* may be summed up in his own words: "Son of the soil, then a worker in industry, the author has seen unsold products of the soil cluttering the market-place while his relatives and friends tramped the sidewalks of the towns looking for bread." This condition of things is the natural outcome of the thinking which puts profit before human dignity. M. Bourret traces the emancipation of the worker from ancient times, when he was an "animated tool," through the Middle Ages, when, under Christian inspiration, he gained some dignity, to the "liberal capitalism" of today, the exploitation of human labour for the profit of the few. Believing that Malthusian techniques, devised to check production, are iniquities inherent in the system, he repudiates classical economy and calls for a new economy based on the idea that man lives in society to work for the good of society and to profit by the advantages it procures for him. Father Georges Côté, in *Notions de sociologie*, likewise claims that the end of society is "the common good." What is just in the light of this principle has been laid down by the Church in the papal encyclicals. The book is a recapitulation of Catholic doctrine on the family, marriage, syndicates, money, credit, salaries, private property, relations between church and state and between nations. One practical way of "defending the dignity of the human person," Father L.-J. Chamberland has found, is to make modest and comfortable homes available for workers' families. The story of how this priest of a working-class parish in Three Rivers formed a building co-operative which in five years provided inexpensive homes for 280 families is told by Mgr Albert Tessier in *Le Miracle du curé Chamberland*. On the subject of economic help to working-class families, Messrs. Vaillancourt and Faucher, in *Alphonse Desjardins*, draw our attention to the labours of a pioneer of the People's Savings Bank.

It seems that the teaching of the Church on the relations between capital and labour can be variously interpreted. Defining an enterprise as "an organ of production working to sell with a view to profit," F.-A. Angers says that the term "can be applied to certain forms of co-operatives as well as to capitalist organizations." "The exploitation of man by man," he maintains in his study, *Structure de l'entreprise*, "is not peculiar to any particular economic system; it appears wherever strong men succeed in acquiring control over the actions of weaker men." Opposition between employers and employees has

to do with spirit rather than with structure. The encyclicals, Professor Angers believes, have greatly strengthened the position of industrialists and it is up to them to put the spirit of Catholic doctrine into their enterprises. "The principle of collaboration between employers' groups and workers' groups is the only possible solution of the difficulties which trouble our economy at the present time." Claude Ryan, in *Les Classes moyennes au Canada français,* draws a "traditional" line between the working class and the middle class: "Historically, the working class and the proletariat have not shown themselves to be trustworthy guardians of values transmitted to a people by its past—particularly its religious and national culture. The middle classes, on the other hand, have in general preserved these values and made them bear fruit."

Industrial expansion is the important fact today. The Canada of Indians and *coureurs de bois* is almost a thing of the past; even the sentimental "cousin" relationship with Europe is disappearing. This country impressed the great powers with its material contribution to the war effort. Europeans are turning to Canada because it has achieved political maturity and raised itself to the rank of an industrial nation occupied in the exploitation of its unlimited resources. "The growth of all these branches of activity," writes M. Henry Mhun, "has profoundly modified the structure of its internal economy." His *Inventaire économique du Canada* is an exhaustive study of that structure, its strength and weakness, and the adjustment necessary to ensure equilibrium.

VII

Historical study has many flourishing branches. There is one cultivated by M. André Dagenais that may not appear pure to professional historians, as it is basically ideological and prophetic. Last year we mentioned a work of his entitled *Vers un nouvel âge.* His recent publication, *Restauration humaine,* follows similar lines of thought and informs us that in the new age independent French Canada, under God's providence, is to be "the Republic of St. Lawrence."

Two fairly pure historians have given us their story of French Canada from the discovery to the conquest. *Histoire du Canada français depuis la découverte* is a collection of talks delivered by the Abbé Lionel Groulx over the radio. As a young man, Abbé Groulx conceived the vast design of writing a history of Canada in ten or fifteen volumes, but time and circumstance have reduced his project to a "synthetic history" in one volume, after the manner of Arthème

Fayard's "Grandes Etudes historiques." This blue-print, as he modestly calls it, shows the ways along which an ancient French colony travelled during the three hundred years of its history. But he hopes that it will reveal "the attractive originality of a small people which, by its historic adventure and by the soul and physiognomy created in it by its culture and faith, resembles few others in the Americas." His epic imagination sees a small people, left to its resources, developing its distinctive human qualities: an historical conscience, the sense of a native heath and of a distant collectivity. The picture challenges comparison with the historical adventures of other European races on this continent. M. Claude de Bonnault's *Histoire du Canada français (1534-1763)*, one of a series, "Etudes coloniales," follows the same historical adventure through the difficulties of colonization to temporary triumph and final defeat. The author has a wide command of French documents and a curt, dramatic style. The war between French and English in America was "the greatest war of religions in modern times" and the end was "a catastrophe." "That fatal day of September 8, 1760, was the end of something grand, the French Empire in America, and the end of something greater still, Catholic North America."

Two historical works follow a different method, the method of "identification" of the actors in an historical drama. Both authors belong to the Montreal group known as "Les Dix." *Patriotes de 1837-1838* is a collection of biographies, a sort of biographical dictionary, compiled from the files of the late librarian Aegidius Fauteux, of the "patriots" who took part in the rebellion of 1837. Papineau, Lafontaine, Morin, do not figure; their biographies have already been written. The eighty-page historical introduction is the work of M. Félix Leclerc; M. Gérard Malchelosse has appended a general index. M. Pierre-Georges Roy has performed a similar service in *Bigot et sa bande et l'affaire du Canada*. The "affair" was the trial, in 1763, of the profiteers of the Seven Years War. All the accused were Canadians who had occupied civil and military posts in New France, the chief of the gang being the Intendant Bigot. It created a stir in France but, as there were no newspapers at the time in Quebec, it passed almost unnoticed in Canada. In an appendix M. Roy prints a diary of the proceedings kept by the presiding judge, M. Moreau. With the evidence M. Roy finds in this "precious manuscript which has lain in the dust of forgetfulness in the Archives of the Seminary of Quebec for nearly two hundred years," he identifies and gives all the facts he can find concerning the authors of the monopolies and abuses which impaired the defence of the colony and hastened its fall. While

he tries to dispel the legends inspired by detestation of Bigot, M. Roy inclines to the general opinion—not shared by M. de Bonnault, by the way—that Bigot was a traitor. The only positive information he can give us regarding Bigot's fate is that "he was banished from France, changed his name and retired to a neighbouring country."

M. Jean Bruchési, another member of this group of writers, is at present occupied with "the Canadian work" of a French historian, Rameau de Saint-Père. In 1860, Rameau, a disciple of Le Play, anxious to see things for himself, made a tour of Quebec, Acadia, and Louisiana. He had just published *La France aux colonies* and on his arrival at Quebec he received a warm welcome from Parent, Garneau, Casgrain, and other literary lights of the time. M. Bruchési deals with his travels and his correspondence. Rameau is a "fore-runner" who "points out the road to follow, the means to adopt" but, M. Bruchési observes, "many years will pass before French Canada begins to play the role assigned her by the perspicacious traveller of 1861." Rameau was interested in the fate of the French race in America and encouraged the "habitants" of Louisiana to open up friendly relations with Canada through the agency of eminent personalities and by means of newspapers and books. Everywhere he exhorted Frenchmen to stand together and forget their differences. Like Garneau, he believed in the future of French Canada, provided Canadians remained themselves, continued their simple way of life, and devoted themselves to work. Colonization, he believed, was the first of problems. In view of mass emigrations to the United States and fearing absorption by the Anglo-Saxon element, he directed them to the valley of the Ottawa and to the Gaspé, and suggested linking up with the Acadians by way of the Matapedia valley.

In *Les Cahiers des Dix*, 1950, one of the group has strayed from his field and found an explanation of the origin of the name Labrador which may make our Portuguese scholars raise their eyebrows. Acting on the principle that some names have assumed their definitive form merely by their "sonority," M. Aristide Beaugrand-Champagne derives Labrador from the name of an inlet in Cape Breton Island and establishes this phonetic evolution: Lac des bras d'or, Lac bras d'or, Lacbrador, Labrador.

Les Sœurs de Sainte-Anne, which is to be a work in two volumes to mark a centenary, is a perfect example of that type of historical study which traces the origin and development of a religious congregation. The author, Sister Marie-Jean-de-Pathmos, is to be complimented for her scholarly thoroughness, the courage of her devotion, and her quick sense of justice. The Sisters of St. Anne are a teaching

community and it was natural that the author, under the direction of M. Groulx, should begin with the state of education prior to the birth of this congregation in 1850. Its foundress, Marie Esther Sureau Blondin, was born in 1809 at Terrebonne. Here the Sisters of Notre Dame arrived in 1826. She became a novice. At Vaudreuil, where she taught school, she felt called to devote her life to primary education and make school "the novitiate of Christianity." The congregation began when she gathered six other young women around her and opened the Blondin Academy. It was not long before conflicts arose between teachers and ecclesiastical authorities; Mother Marie-Anne was ordered to resign and, as a consequence, became a "sublime victim." She lived apart from the community she had founded, the sisters were not to call her Mother Superior or Foundress. Her life was fasting, praying, reflecting, submission. The community extended its labours even to British Columbia and Alaska. M. Groulx notes: "It is a fact of Canadian history that almost all our young communities have felt the need to seek a sort of confirmation in propagating the faith in far-away places." The sisters in these religious communities have most diverse gifts. *La Mission spirituelle de la musique,* a doctoral thesis presented by Sister Marie-Henri de la Croix of Holy Names Institute, may not be pure history but it interjects a wonderful new note into historical study: the music of the psalms and the music of modern times, the natural ends, the supernatural role, and the beauty of music. "Is there any wonder that our age is sad? It has strayed from the paths of the Lord in which thousands of saints have discovered joy."

Another kind of historical study, ecclesiastical, varies in extent from the history of a parish to that of a diocese. *Le Diocèse d'Ottawa,* by Father Hector Legros and Sister Paul-Emile, is a formidable work of nine hundred pages dealing with every aspect of the life of a diocese: geography, early evangelization, successive episcopal administrations, schools, parishes, and religious congregations. At the other extreme is M. Jean-Paul Champagne's *Historique de la paroisse de St.-Félix de Valois (1840-1950),* which is little more than a directory. Again, there is a history of cities. Dr. Lucien Brault, who has already produced a history of Ottawa, now gives us a volume on its sister city. In *Hull, 1800-1950,* he devotes chapters to municipal administration, industries, communications, schools, and churches. In an appendix dealing with the names of streets and parks, the author compliments the municipal authorities for giving names which recall historic events or persons to whom the city owes a debt of gratitude. The analytical index is an indication of the wealth of interesting information contained in the work. *Historique de Ville*

La Salle, by Brother Stanislas, is the history of a town, very young and very prosperous, of 10,000 souls, Ville La Salle, or simply La Salle, stretching for five miles along the banks of the St. Lawrence not far from Montreal. La Salle is the old village of Lachine and these names take us back to the days of the explorers and the forts built for the defence of the colony. Brother Stanislas recounts the history of the place century by century. In the end one activity dominates—industry. The Société Historique de Québec has interested itself in Spencerwood, the viceregal residence of the Province of Quebec. It has been instrumental in having the name changed to "Bois de Coulonge," not as an act of *"refrancisation"* but as a gesture to wipe out the memory of an English prime minister distinguished for his hatred of the Catholic religion and to revive the memory of a founder of Canada, M. Louis d'Ailleboust, a seventeenth-century governor-general, whose seigniory was called "terre de Coulonge." The story of this residence is related by Clément T.-Dussault in a pamphlet, *Bois de Coulonge.* The Société Historique de la Chaudière has published *La Bonne Sainte-Anne de Beauce* by Honorius Provost. Like the more celebrated St. Anne de Beaupré, this village, situated some thirty miles south of Quebec, attracts pilgrims who honour "the good St. Anne" and believe in her miraculous powers. The chapels erected here in 1778 and 1883 were not built to compete with Beaupré but to satisfy the piety of the settlers, nearly all of whom were from Beaupré, to save them from having to travel a distance they found it difficult to cover. Another society, the Société Historique du Nouvel-Ontario, presents a history of North Bay, especially of the French element, and two papers on the Dionne quintuplets, now celebrating their seventeenth birthday. We are impressed to learn that "the birth of the quintuplets, their survival and that of the mother, is a miracle of prayer."

Finally, there is a branch of historical study which, while appearing to have little to do with the forms we have been considering, has yet one thing in common with them. Professor Firmin Létourneau's *Histoire de l'agriculture (Canada français)* is not only a story of the development of Canadian agriculture from the days of Louis Hébert but also a demonstration of certain French-Canadian verities: the peasant basis of the civilization, the sanctity of the land, the dignity of farm labour.

VIII

The preponderance of biographies of saints testifies to the French Canadian's love of hagiography. The most recent of saints is Maria Goretti. In 1947 the Christian world celebrated the canonization of

this Italian girl whom Mgr Jacques Morelli calls "a martyr of purity." Of that event this author writes: "The sympathy bestowed on that humble daughter of the proletariat, type of Christian adolescent, model of virtue, victim of a barbarous assault because of her determined will to resist sin, was transformed at the moment of her beatification into a glorification that one might call the glorification of the purity of youth and of Christian heroism." Father Pierre de la Nativité's *Simon de Rojas* is an account of the life and holy works of a Spanish saint, sometimes called the St. Bernard of Spain, founder of the Congregation of Ave Maria. Flower of the golden age of Spanish mysticism, Simon de Rojas was a model of chastity, humility, mortification, and a redoubtable adversary of the devil. He entered holy orders very early in life, studied theology at Salamanca, and became the tutor of princes and a queen's confessor. His *Traité de l'oraison,* discovered in 1913 in a Spanish convent, is said to possess exceptional literary as well as doctrinal value. Canada, too, has her saints, the Jesuit martyrs of whom Father Léon Pouliot writes in *Les Saints Martyrs Canadiens.*

If sainthood is the acceptance with joy of what God sends us, if the indispensable foundation of sainthood is an unshakable faith in the teaching of the Church, if the great weapons of spiritual progress are prayer and mortification, if the sacraments are the source of grace, if God's love must be translated into acts of love, then Cécile Chalifoux was a saint. Miss Aline Lesage's *Cécile Chalifoux, 1910-1944,* is a harrowing story of mortification and physical disease. For years Miss Chalifoux lay paralysed, and at her death her body was little more than a skeleton. But even as she lay stricken she sent out circular letters to encourage others in the devout life. "In suffering one realizes that one is very little, that one is nothing"; and she continually thanked God for the blessing of suffering. Father Leonard M. Puech was her spiritual director and among the remarkable things in the book are the words of this Franciscan scholar who recognized her tribulations as those described by St. John of the Cross and interpreted them in terms of "the dark night of the soul."

Mère Bourgeoys (1620-1700) is a work, characterized by a charming simplicity of style, by a young historian, the Abbé Yvon Charron. All the biographies of Mother Bourgeoys that have appeared recently do not seem to have exhausted the subject. Perhaps the secret is the fascination of a saint's life. Marguerite Bourgeoys was a teacher; her school a stable placed at her disposal by M. de Maisonneuve. But M. Charron sees the education of children as part of a greater plan to found in New France a Christian society "which

would imitate the purity and charity of the early Church." The end of her mission, Mother Bourgeoys never wearied of saying, must be "to contribute to the sanctification of our girls." She had difficulty in obtaining helpers; even Mgr de Laval refused to allow her to bring recruits from France. She had difficulty in submitting to the authority of that bishop, whose well-known inflexibility M. Charron tries to soften. The work of her Congregation of Notre Dame, however, spread over the island and into the Quebec region. One of M. Charron's photographs, of the imposing mother house, is not so much an illustration as an anticipation. It enables our imagination to leap from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, from Mother Bourgeoys to women like Marie Esther Blondin, Alodie-Virginie Paradis, Graziella Gauthier, and Laure Chapleau. Graziella Gauthier, Sister Sainte-Théophanie (1875-1948), was for many years directress of the Collège Marguerite Bourgeoys in Montreal. She is remembered as a great teacher with a mind alert to new methods and interested in all the arts. "Her sure refuge," Sister Sainte-Madeleine-des-Anges remarks in her tribute, "will always remain religious literature." On a volume which treated of existentialist philosophy she wrote the words of St. Anselm: "Credo ut intelligam." Her spirit radiated among her students and, as we have seen, permeated the poetic soul of Rina Lasnier. Alodie-Virginie Paradis (1840-1912), founded the community known as "The Little Sisters of the Holy Family." Her story and the fruits of her holy labours are recounted by Father Eugène Nadeau in *Mère Léonie*. Laure Chapleau, Mother Sainte-Thérèse (1878-1947), did not found a community; she was the ninth Mother General of the Congregation of Jesus-Mary at Sillery. Her biography, written by Mother Marie-des-Anges, sister of the famous botanist Brother Marie-Victorin, bears the curious title *Dieu, Thérèse et trois ducats*. They are the words of the great Spanish mystic, St. Theresa of Avila: "Theresa and three ducats, that's nothing; but God, Theresa and three ducats, that's everything." Mother Sainte-Thérèse knew something of the havoc of war as she was in Rome during the war years. She died in an aeroplane while visiting missions in western Canada. Still another order of saints is portrayed by M. Alphonse Desilets in *Sous le signe de charité*. It is the story of the Sisters of Charity of St. Louis, a congregation founded by the Countess Molé de Champlâtreux (1763-1825), and their missions in America.

Father Germain Lesage's *L'Evêque errant* continues the Ottawa University series of studies of Oblate missionaries in the Northwest Territories. It tells of Mgr O. Charlebois (1862-1933), Apostolic Vicar of Keewatin, his nomadic life with his pack on his shoulders,

his perilous canoe trips to succour the dying, his loneliness and daily death. "If you wish to become humble, patient, detached from the earth," he used to say, "come among the Indians." "It is no sinecure to explain the mysteries of the faith in the dialect of the Crees." Father Charlebois wrote abundantly and his biographer, following the Newman-Bremond method, directs his attention to the "inner life" of the missionary as it is revealed in his various diaries: "Journal spirituel," "Journal intime," "Journal historique."

Affiliated with the University of Ottawa is an Institute of Missiology under the direction of Father J.-E. Champagne. In earlier surveys we have reviewed Father Champagne's *magnum opus, Manuel d'action missionnaire* and his account of Catholic missions in western Canada. We take this opportunity of referring the reader to a more austere treatise on this comparatively new science by another professor of the Institute: *Qu'est-ce que la missiologie?* by Father Fernand Jetté.

Marie-Anne Lavigne's *L'Abbé T.-A. Chandonnet* plunges us into the atmosphere of religious disputes which characterized nineteenth-century French Canada. M. Chandonnet (1834-81) was the adversary of the "gaumists" in the quarrel of the Canadian humanists, as M. Séraphin Marion has described it. He absorbed truth at its source, Rome, and became the champion of dogma in Canada. He resigned the principalship of the Laval Normal School on the death of his friend, Archbishop Baillargeon, and retired to the United States to devote himself to philosophy. He was later associated with the Abbé Verreau at the Jacques Cartier Normal School in Montreal where, in 1877, he founded the *Revue de Montréal.* M. Chandonnet was a born polemist, a great defender of the Papacy, a provocative preacher, and the author of several books: an account of French Canadians in the United States, a biography of his friend the Abbé Joseph Aubry, and a translation of *The Hidden Pearl,* a drama by Cardinal Wiseman.

Robertine Barry, by Mme Renée des Ormes, transports us into a different sphere of endeavour and fulfilment. Robertine Barry (1863-1910), better known as Françoise, was one of our pioneer women journalists. It was on a January 29th, the feast of St. François de Sales, that her sister Evelyn departed for the convent, and the memory of that day of "unforgettable separation" became the central fact of her inner and literary self which she called Françoise. She published a collection of short stories, *Fleurs champêtres* (1895), and these were followed by *Chroniques du lundi*; then in 1902 she

ventured on a bi-monthly review of her own, *Journal de Françoise*. She also wrote a play, *Méprise*. While on a trip through France and Italy, Françoise met many of the literary celebrities of the day: Bourget, Gyp, René Bazin, and others. A great admirer of our national glories, her addresses and her writings usually touched on Canadian history and literature. Her best friend was Laure Conan, the author of *Angéline de Montbrun* which, as we have seen, now figures in the "Nénuphar" collection of "the best Canadian authors."

Father J.-P. Archambault's *Figures catholiques* contains character portraits of Senator Charles Bourgeois, Judge Albert Constantineau, Edouard Gohier, J.-A. Bernier, C.-J. Magnan and Gaudiose Hébert. The five women in B. Dufebvre's *Cinq Femmes et nous* are not precisely counterparts of Father Archambault's "Catholic figures." They are women who visited Canada during the years immediately following the conquest, women who contributed a page to our national history, and whom the author conveniently studies as types: Frances Brooke, the literary woman; Mme de Riedesel, the model spouse; Mrs. John Graves Simcoe, the aristocrat; Lady Aylmer, the Christian woman; Anna Brownell Jameson, the feminist.

IX

Two publications entitled *A mes frères* and *Pensées d'un éducateur* are the work of a teacher, the late Brother Hébert of the Christian Schools. They are hortatory, designed to keep his teaching brothers conscious of their high calling. Brother Hébert excels in his notes on "being up to date." The need is for better training, deeper studies, real pedagogical competency, a human value that inspires confidence and assures success. Mechanical and scientific inventions are to be used in teaching—but to the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom. To christianize youth living in an excessively industrialized and materialized world, in an atmosphere where the supernatural hardly counts, "the air waves must be made to sing the glory of God, as David made the flocks, the mountains and the stars leap before the Lord." M. Louis-Philippe Audet's interest is also pedagogy. He intends to write a series of volumes on the school system of Quebec of which *Le Système scolaire de la province de Québec* is the first, a general outline. Two others to follow will deal with the history of education from 1635 to 1867 and from 1867 to the present. Another work of the same pattern is a collection of radio talks by Father Georges Desjardins, *Les Ecoles de Québec. Aujourd'hui pour demain* is the message of an old teacher, M. Nérée Tremblay of the Laval

Normal School, to his former students. Fifty-five years of teaching is something of a record. This life, M. Tremblay feels, has sense only if it is a prelude to a life beyond.

Le Ministère des Affaires extérieures, by M. Marcel Cadieux, who is chief of the personnel division, contains valuable information which will be appreciated by students desirous of entering the diplomatic service.

"La Mauricie" is a name that the Abbé Tessier has given to the region of Three Rivers. On his invitation, M. Raoul Blanchard, the French geographer, brought his geographical science to this region and produced a little work entitled *La Mauricie* which describes the terrain, the movement of population, and, especially, the remarkable industrial development of this part of the province.

Only one travel book has come to our notice, *Autour d'Afrique* by Jacques Hébert. It is the same M. Hébert who toured the three Americas in 1948. His account of his trip around Africa has some of the thrills, terrors, and misleading impressions of all travel books. We must not expect the last word of wisdom on colonial administration from a traveller who detests the word colony and who rarely spends more than a night in any one place. M. Hébert prefers the French Sahara to South Africa. The kind reception he received from the Canadian White Fathers along the east coast was no preparation for the hatred by the Egyptians of non-Islamic tourists. Out of the same African material, M. Hébert produced a series of short romances entitled *Aïcha l'Africaine*. M. Armour Landry's *Images de Rome 1950* is not a travel book in the ordinary sense. M. Landry was one of a group of Canadian pilgrims who went to Rome to witness the consecration of Mgr Paul-Emile Léger, Archbishop of Montreal. Narrative and photographs in the Tavi tradition face each other throughout this little book. *Routes canadiennes '49* and *Ecoles de bonheur* are the work of a French priest, the Abbé Joseph Houyoux, who conducted a band of French pilgrims to Canadian shrines at St. Anne de Beaupré, Three Rivers, Ottawa, and Midland. In the first, the items that interest us are the character sketches of politicians, ecclesiastics and writers, the visit to the Wabasso Cotton Mills where industrial life runs true to the spirit of the encyclicals, and the author's reactions to a village of large families, Chelmsford. He recalls hearing André Siegfried attribute the vitality of French Canadians to "the confessional." The destiny of a people in contact with a country so vast and so rich, Siegfried felt, is to become a numerous people. For six days, this author, in company with the Abbés Tessier and Carignan, made a rapid tour of schools where

girls are trained in home economics, "schools of happiness," as he calls them, at Nomininguе, Roberval, St. Jerome, and St. Hyacinthe. The Abbé Tessier, being the well-known photographer Tavi, carried his films along with him to show the students. He would choose a theme: "God and Our Native Land." Then one film would illustrate the "Credo du paysan" and another a sonnet by Albert Lozeau: "Pour aimer ton pays."

> Pour aimer ton pays, va contempler les champs,
> Les bois, les rivières et les coteaux penchants.

The Abbé Tessier's pedagogy and the "feminine humanism" were a joyful revelation to the French abbé.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

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du cinquantième anniversaire de la Caisse populaire de Lévis (Lévis, Edns Le Quotidien; Fédération des Caisses populaires, 59, avenue Bégin, 233 pp., $1.75). VEKEMAN (VICTOR), Cœur brisé: mélodrame en trois actes (48 pp., 75c.); Une fille un peu bebête: une pièce en un acte (16 pp.); La folie de Maurice: comédie en un acte (24 pp., 35c.); Heure de folie: mélodrame en un acte (16 pp., 35c.); Mariage d'argent ou mariage d'amour: drame d'amour en trois actes (61 pp., 75c.); Le sourd volontaire: une pièce en un acte (16 pp., 35c.) (Montréal, Edns du Lévrier).

PIECE PRESENTEE: DELISLE (GEORGES), La mélodie inachevée (Québec, les Comédiens de Chez-Nous).

VII. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS — WATSON KIRKCONNELL

Of the thirty-four titles surveyed in this category for 1950, twenty are by Ukrainian-Canadians, eight by Icelandic-Canadians, two by a German-Canadian, three by Jewish-Canadians, and one, in English, by a Byelorussian. Once more the Ukrainian community, not least by its sheer bulk, dominates the record.

Within that community, moreover, a scholarly new-comer, the Metropolitan Ilarion (Professor Ivan Ohienko), heads all the rest with six books and a pamphlet. The Metropolitan is a man of unusual versatility. He leads off with a five-act mystery play in rhymed quatrains, entitled *The Birth of a People*. This poetic drama is announced, moreover, as only the first part of a "philosophical tetralogy" entitled *The Sea of Life*. It opens with a "prologue in heaven" where the angel-choirs hymn the omnipotent Deity, and the Devil and the Lord engage in a verbal fencing-match. Thereafter it shifts more and more into dialogue by the personified abstractions of a morality play: Health, Love, Hope, Knowledge, Evil, Sickness, Misfortune, War, Despair, Old Age, and Death, not to mention Earth, Sun, Moon and Stars. The forces of evil and good strive for possession of the Soul, and the Soul finally rests in the affirmation: "But I live towards God!" The play ends symbolically with a mother singing a lullaby over the cradle of her baby son, as the spiritual hope of life goes on.

Also in quatrains but more ambitious in form is his *Prometheus: Twilight of the Greek Gods*, where his obvious model is Aeschylus. His treatment, however, is deliberately non-dramatic and his exposition is set forth in twelve lengthy strophes, from "The first peoples dwelt in darkness," to "And they nailed him to the crag." While the theme is ancient, the poem is full of modern overtones.

Still another volume of poetry by the same author is *Evening Sacrifice: Jesus and Barabbas*, which is now in its third edition. It is essentially a sequence of devotional poems dealing with the events of

Passion Week and ending with the triumphant hymn: "The crucified Jesus is risen!"

The Metropolitan Ilarion is also a scholar. He has published in Winnipeg a 200-page critical edition of the *Narrative of the Raid of Ihor,* a twelfth-century dwarf epic that is the chief literary monument of early Slavic literature. For this he supplies the *textus receptus,* a literal prose version, an extended verse translation, a lengthy introduction, critical apparatus, a glossary, and notes. Side by side with this should be placed his bulky *History of the Ukrainian Literary Language,* in which he traces the literary speech of his nation from a past more venerable than that of Muscovy and in many respects independent of it. His brief pamphlet, *Ukrainian Literary Language in the USSR,* shows how the Bolsheviks, like the Tsars before them, have sought by violence and guile to assimilate forty million enslaved Ukrainians by warping their language closer and closer to Russian. The seventh volume of Metropolitan Ilarion is in the field of church history and deals with the unscrupulous assimilation of the Ukrainian church to that of Moscow in the later eighteenth century.

Related at one point to the work of the Metropolitan is a monograph by Vasyl Chaplenko on *The Language of the "Narrative of the Raid of Ihor,"* stressing its Kievan (i.e. Proto-Ukrainian) rather than Muscovite provenance. Likewise published by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences is Dr. Jaroslav Rudnyckyj's *Slavistica Canadiana,* a valuable survey of the phenomenal spread of Slavic studies in Canada in the past decade. Exceedingly useful as an instrument in those studies is the volume *Readings in Ukrainian Authors,* a collection of Ukrainian prose and verse, edited with English notes and a Ukrainian-English vocabulary by Professor C. H. Andrusyshen of the University of Saskatchewan. Another scholarly work is Dr. Leonid Biletskyj's critique on the Ukrainian professor and man of letters, Omelyan Ohonovsky (1833-94). Here, too, one may mention Pavlo Macenko's study of the Ukrainian composer and conductor, O. Koshets.

A monumental record of Ukrainian achievement in Canada is the 863-page *Memorial Book of the Ukrainian National Home in Winnipeg,* assembled and in part written by Semen Kowbel and revised by the late Dr. D. Doroshenko. Here is a very full treatment of almost every conceivable aspect of the history of the Ukrainian community in Canada: the era of settlement, the rise of cultural and economic institutions, their part in two world wars, biographical sketches of Ukrainian-Canadian leaders, reminiscences of pioneer days, the beginnings in Canada of Ukrainian fiction, drama, and poetry, and the

record of the Canadian-Ukrainians in professional and business life. There are also a number of articles of general interest, such as Danylo Lobay's trenchant "Communist Movement among the Ukrainians of Canada" (pp. 740-63) and Jaroslav Rudnyckyj's erudite study of "Canadian Place-names of Ukrainian Origin" (pp. 765-819). This ponderous and informative volume is an ideal forerunner of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Canada, scheduled for September, 1951.

The most vivid prose of the year is to be found in Olexander Hay-Holowko's two-volume *Duel with the Devil,* the autobiography of a Ukrainian D.P. writer, now resident in Winnipeg. In the first volume he traces the difficulties he encountered in getting an education in the Soviet schools because he was born the son of a church deacon. Even after he has won some success as a young author he is incessantly persecuted because his father had not been a proletarian. In the second volume, he has escaped to the American zones of Austria and Germany; but even here the NKVD are on his trail and succeed in kidnapping him in order to send him back to a sticky fate in Russia. Only a hair's-breadth escape liberates him from their clutches. The fear of a hunted man dominates the narrative. It would be a more effective piece of work if it were less exclamatory, rhapsodic, and subjective.

Written more deliberately for a political purpose are Danylo Lobay's *Unconquerable Ukraine* and Nicholas Prykhodko's *I Ask a Word* and *Communism in Reality,* three volumes that indict the tyranny of Soviet Russia over the minority nationalities in the USSR and insist on ultimate freedom for the enslaved Ukrainians. Of the same character is Mikola Abramcyk's *I Accuse the Kremlin of Genocide of My Nation,* written on behalf of the martyred Byelorussians.

Revealing as to the wealth of the folk-arts bequeathed to Canada by the Ukraine is Savelya Stechyshyn's *Perfect Treasury of Ukrainian Embroidery.* The part being played by the people themselves is set forth in F. A. Macrouch's business directory for the business and professional men of the Ukrainian community in both Canada and the United States. In the case of the *Calendar of the Ukrainian Voice,* a great amount of useful information is leavened with 150 pages of *belles-lettres,* chiefly brief extracts in prose and verse.

The Icelandic record for the year is chiefly in the field of scholarship and here primacy goes to Richard Beck's *History of Icelandic Poets, 1800-1940,* a pioneer work and one of exceptional merit. Professor Beck was unusually qualified for his task. He was born in

Iceland in 1897 and spent the first twenty-four years of his life there, but followed up his course at the University of Iceland with several years at Cornell, qualifying for a doctorate in Germanic languages. The fact that he himself is an experienced poet in his mother tongue has helped to make him a sound and sensitive critic of Icelandic verse. His seventh and last chapter (pp. 199-242) gives an unusually full introduction to the Icelandic poets of North America. With the exception of "Thorskabítur" (Thorbjörn Bjarnason) and "K. N." (Kristján Níels Júlíus), these belong to Canada rather than to the United States, although there has been considerable movement to and fro, especially between Manitoba (the main settlement) and North Dakota. Pride of place goes to the untutored geniuses, Stephan G. Stephansson (one of Iceland's greatest sons) and Guttormur J. Guttormsson, but merited inclusion also goes to Kristinn Stefánsson, Jón Runolfson, Magnús Markússon, Jónas A. Sigurdsson, Sigurdur Júlíus Jóhannesson, Gísli Jónsson, Vigfús Guttormsson, "Þ. Þ. Þ.," Einar Páll Jónsson, Jónas Stefánsson, Páll S. Pálsson, Kristján Pálsson, Jónas Pálsson, Jakobina Johnson, and a score or so of others.

An even more substantial volume is Dr. Beck's *Fatherland and the Heritage,* a large collection of addresses and literary articles. In some of the latter he gives free rein to the enthusiasm for Icelandic poetry that is held in check in his survey of 140 years. Specially noteworthy are his essays on Matthias Jochumsson and David Stefánsson. He also pays a well-deserved tribute to the scholar Halldór Hermannsson, of Cornell.

Comparable in quality but much slighter in extent are three scholarly offprints by Professor Skuli Johnson of the University of Manitoba: *The Laxdæla Saga, Stephan G. Stephansson (1853-1927),* and *Our Heritage,* all of which deal with Icelandic themes.

Not least significant in this general category is *Journey's End,* a posthumous volume of essays and addresses by the Icelandic-Canadian short-story writer, Gudrún H. Finnsdóttir (Mrs. Gísli Jónsson), who died in March, 1946 at the age of 62. Her most interesting addresses deal with the saga of Hrolfur Kraki, Erasmus, E. Pauline Johnson, and an old Icelandic folk-dance, the "vikivaki." The volume closes with sixty pages of tributes in prose and verse from her fellow-authors in the Icelandic community.

The 83-year-old Icelandic poet, Dr. Sigurdur Júlíus Jóhannesson of Winnipeg, is at last represented by a handsome book of selected poems, chosen from his earlier volumes and from the press by Steingrímur Arason of Reykjavík. The winnowing has been strict; I have checked, for example, only twenty-three poems surviving from

the 172 in his *Kvistir* (1910); but the result is a volume of high quality. Dr. Jóhannesson has been a life-long apostle of social welfare, and his zeal for temperance and other social causes is reflected in his verse. He has also been an indefatigable translator: of the 119 poems in the present collection, thirty-eight are translations from English, French, Swedish, and Norwegian. Most typical of his warm heart are his numerous Christmas poems (pp. 24, 48, 50, 65, 75, 76, etc.); but I seem to find some of his best poetry in his occasional verses, e.g. "Toast to Iceland" (p. 21), "Toast to the Pioneers" (p. 27), "Toast to Canada" (p. 32), and "Land of the West, My Land" (p. 67).

The current issue of the *Periodical of the Icelandic National League* is especially valuable in that it is entirely devoted to a survey of the cultural achievements of the Icelanders in North America since settlement began seventy-five years ago. Dr. Stefán Einarsson of Johns Hopkins deals with the prose writers, Dr. Richard Beck with the poets, Gísli Jónsson with the composers, and Hólmfridur Danielson with the painters and sculptors. It is unfortunate that this astonishing record of achievement, running to 50,000 words, is not conveniently available in English for the information of their fellow-Canadians. The roster includes some fifty-five poets, fifteen composers, and twenty-six painters and sculptors.

The German-language publications in Canada have suffered a marked loss with the death of Bishop Jacob H. Janzen, of Waterloo, Ont., who had been one of the most prolific of writers. In fact, the only name on the roll for 1950 is that of Arnold Dyck, of Steinbach, Man. His book, *My Trip to Germany*, which he himself insists is only a "Reiseplauderei," is for all that an extremely engaging account of a transatlantic journey in the winter of 1949-50. He begins by contrasting the formalities of travel today (with abundant documents and currency regulations) with the relatively simple manner in which, as a youth in Tsarist Russia in 1910, he had travelled to Germany from a Mennonite settlement near the Black Sea. Another instructive contrast is drawn (pp. 123-6) between the unmitigated diet of murder, rape, and sudden death in the *World-Telegram* (New York), and the mature discussion of world affairs in *The Times* (London), *Die Welt* (Hamburg), *Die Rundschau* (Frankfurt), *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich) and *Pravda* (Moscow), all six of which he had bought freely at a kiosk in the railway station at Gothenburg, Sweden, and had compared systematically, page by page.

Also by Arnold Dyck is a Plattdeutsch play, *"Welcome to the Forest,"* in twenty-two scenes which presents in amusing fashion the rough-and-ready democracy of young recruits undergoing their military

service in barracks in the "Schwarzwald" near Snamenka in southern Russia about the year 1912. Adjustment is easiest for those of the simplest origin, but hardest for Kron, the son of a rich factory-owner. The cast is entirely masculine.

Only three books have reached me from the Jewish-Canadian community. One is a scholarly history of *Jewish Thought in the Twentieth Century* by Melech Ravitch of Montreal, a volume that is carefully organized and systematized in its exposition. A second is a sumptuous omnibus of the work of the greatest Jewish humourist, Sholom Aleichem (1859-1916). The *Sholom Aleichem Panorama*, edited and published by Melech Grafstein, of London, Ont., is far more than a valuable anthology of extracts and translations. It also includes a notable series of essays on Sholom Aleichem, a number of memoirs, and about fifty pages of drawings, paintings, and photographs. This massive book is a monument to the significance of its subject and to the devoted zeal of its editor-publisher. At once eloquent and incisive is a collection of addresses, entitled *Martyrdom and Miracle*, by Rabbi Harry Joshua Stern of Montreal. As the title suggests, his two chief preoccupations are the suffering of the Jews at Hitler's hands and the miraculous emergence of Eretz Israel. Most of the addresses are extremely brief, ranging from 1,000 to 1,500 words. Among the most thoughtful selections are those entitled "In the Midst of Life—Loneliness," "Peace of Mind," "Art in the Synagogue," and "Sin and World Atonement." World events have made a number of his topical statements obsolete (e.g., p. 190), but his philosophical and religious utterances have a more enduring quality.

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REVIEWS

MILTON AND THE DIODATIS* — A. E. Barker

This very thoroughly documented account of the fortunes of the Diodati family in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries should be of interest to students of social and medical history as well as to the students of Milton to whom it is primarily addressed. The friendship of the young Milton and Charles Diodati—of which the *Epitaphium Damonis* is the memorial—was Mr. Dorian's starting-point; but, in order to illuminate a relation which was presumably influential during Milton's formative years but of which the records are provokingly meagre and the quality and extent therefore in some degree conjectural, he has been led to investigate the Diodati background. The story of conscientious exile, self-reliant enterprise, and family loyalty is not without drama, though Mr. Dorian is far from embroidering the results of his precise and extensive research in English and continental documents in the currently popular and nostalgic semi-fictional manner.

In the mid-sixteenth century, soon after the accession of the inquisitorial Pius V, various groups of Diodatis, one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most cultured patrician families, left Lucca for reasons of conscience, influenced by the reforming Prior of San Frediano, Pietro Martire Vermigli. They made their way through Lyons and the Paris of the French Wars of Religion to Geneva in particular and to other centres of Protestantism, maintaining their family and business connections and establishing themselves eminently in several professions. One is reminded of the Napoleonic Rothschilds, though the quality of this already highly cultured family of Lucchese patricians is rather different. Theodore, father of Charles, was born in Geneva, studied medicine at Leyden, and moved thence to England to establish himself, through the combination of intelligent charm and determination which seems to have been characteristic of all the Diodatis, as tutor and later as physician in the family of Sir John Harrington of Exton, first cousin of Sidney and of the translator of Ariosto and brother of Lucy, Countess of Bedford. Subsequently Theodore set himself up in independent practice with London as his centre but with many patients of good family in the provinces, among them those Spencers with whom Edmund Spenser claimed a relation, one of whom was the Countess Dowager of Derby entertained by Milton's *Arcades* and related by marriage to the Egertons of *Comus*.

**The English Diodatis.* By Donald Clayton Dorian. New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press. 1950. Pp. xviii, 365. $5.00.

The historian of medical education and practice will find a good deal of new and useful material in the account of Theodore's career. Mr. Dorian has cleared up, for example, much that has been obscure in the procedures for licensing. His patient unravelling of family interrelations among the English and among the international Diodatis will delight the student of society. Students of Milton will follow with interest the literary and intellectual associations of the Diodatis. At the Harrington's Theodore helped Florio with his Montaigne. Jonson, Drayton, Daniel, Donne, all had connections with the families he served. He knew Wotton, through both continental and English connections, and probably Hales. Hakewell describes his striking treatment of a critical case. He had been at Leyden with Grotius, and his relations on the Continent were in touch with significant movements. Jean Diodati of Geneva, whom Milton visited during his continental tour, was one of the delegates to the Synod of Dort and fully approved its decision. Eli Diodati of Paris was Galileo's friend, agent, and translator.

How much of all this in the background of Charles was in the foreground of Milton's relation with him it remains difficult to tell. The direction of the influence is obvious, and it would combine with the intelligent and cultivated influence of Alexander Gill, under whom they were together at St. Paul's School. But despite Mr. Dorian's efforts Charles remains, and now, it appears, must always remain, a somewhat shadowy figure. What we have known from a few letters and from Milton of his rare intelligence, his cheerful good nature, his graceful literary talent, and his sensitive enjoyment of unreproved pleasures, is confirmed; and there is clear circumstantial evidence, which scholars will have to weigh carefully against Milton's omission of any reference to the matter, that the Diodatis were responsible for the introduction to the family of the Countess Dowager of Derby and the Egertons which resulted in *Arcades* and *Comus* and also for a number of Milton's continental connections. One new and striking fact has been discovered: that after he left Oxford and before he began the study of medicine, Charles studied theology in Geneva for a considerable period. As Mr. Dorian says, there was evidently a strain of earnestness in him which we have not adequately considered in estimating his influence on Milton. Yet the strain was perhaps Horatian rather than stoically Genevan; and indeed, despite the differences between *Thyrsis* and the elegy Milton wrote after Charles's early death in 1638, a more fanciful interpreter might have thought he perceived in the brilliant and charming promise and the uncertainty and untimely termination of the young Diodati's career a pattern not unlike that of Arnold's Clough.

It is significant that the impression we get from *Epitaphium Damonis* is not of stern Stoicism in the face of failure (or of scholar-gypsyism) but of charming, cultivated, and intelligent earnestness. Though he does not make it, the real point of Mr. Dorian's study perhaps lies just here. The Diodati story is in fact throughout simply a story of urbanity preserved in spite of adversity; and this is an influence and a theme which we might to our great benefit more readily discern throughout Milton's poetry if so many of his interpreters were not Puritan precisionists thinly and inhumanely disguised as humanists.

THE CRISIS IN THE UNIVERSITY* — R. S. K. SEELEY

The crisis of which Sir Walter Moberly speaks is becoming familiar to us through the writings of Sir Richard Livingstone, Canon Iddings Bell, and others. It is one which is not confined to the universities, but finds sharp focus there because the deep uncertainty which surrounds society is intensified when it is felt by our potential leaders, and it is from among them that we should expect the light which will dispel the clouds. Yet our universities are still for the most part following the pattern and adopting the presuppositions which belong to an outmoded age, and it is for our generation to reformulate the principles of university education in the light of the new factors which govern the pattern of our world. Sir Walter Moberly's book is the outcome of an intensive study made by a group of university teachers, all sharing the Christian outlook. A large part of it is devoted to an analysis of the present situation. He traces the various traditions which have gone to make up our present university pattern, and shows very clearly the insufficiency of any one of them or any combination of them to satisfy our present needs. He further faces squarely the fact that the old pattern of a Christian university can no longer be followed in a post-Christian world. The conclusion of this analysis is that new guiding principles have to be sought by which we can not only preserve the basic values of Western civilization, but make them motive forces for our age. The analysis is penetrating and shows up in clear relief many of the weaknesses of our system of which we have hitherto been only dimly aware.

But having posed the problem, Sir Walter finds himself on more difficult ground. The task and the scope of the university have been vastly extended. It has to meet the needs of men and women whose

**The Crisis in the University.* By SIR WALTER MOBERLY. London: SCM Press [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1949. Pp. 316. $4.25.

primary task in life will be to earn a living, and yet it must not become simply a place that provides training for particular callings. It has to embrace students and staff of all kinds of belief and unbelief, and yet it must not neglect its task of inculcating values. It can no longer stand aloof from the community in which it is situated, and yet it must preserve its integrity and independence. We are all familiar with these problems, though we are grateful to the author for posing them in a fresh and pointed manner. He is scrupulously fair throughout in presenting both sides of every argument. Nevertheless, if one expects to find in this book a pattern for the university of the future, one looks in vain. This is as it should be. No one can be expected to provide a blue print for university education, nor would one pattern fit the manifold types of university which now exist. What the author does is to put forward basic principles which must form the foundation of any new structure.

It is at this point that the reader is left somewhat unsatisfied, not because of the nature of the principles which Sir Walter Moberly lays down, but because of the enormous difficulties involved in putting these principles into practice. For instance, Sir Walter states, quite rightly in our opinion, that one of the great weaknesses in our present system is lack of communication between teacher and student, between one department and another, between Christians and humanists, and so on. What we want to know is how that weakness is to be overcome in the enormous universities of the twentieth century. Many people are convinced that proper communications can only be established in smaller universities or in universities broken up into small units, but Sir Walter gives us no definite guidance on this issue. Similarly, one feels that Sir Walter really believes that there is no satisfactory alternative to Christianity as a motive force, and yet he is unwilling to say so. He is clear about the task of Christians in the university, and here he is on sure ground and has some excellent things to say. Finally, one is left with a certain feeling of bewilderment at the increased scope of university tasks in contrast with the principle that the effective work of a university is done through intensive personal relationships. Can universities fulfil their function if they are staffed as sparingly as they are now? We feel the author would say no, but he never explicitly does so.

These unsolved problems do not detract from the real merit of the book. Its purpose is to challenge all concerned with university education to a reassessment of their tasks, and in particular to compel the Christian in the university to re-examine his function. All this is admirably done. No one can read the book with comfort and without

a quickening of one's sense of responsibility. It should have wide use as the basis for discussion among groups of university teachers, for one cannot read it without feeling impelled to do something in response to its challenge.

THE MAKING AND THE MEANING OF *MOBY-DICK** G. ROPER

These two books by Professor Vincent and Professor Percival are outstanding in the present in-tide of books and articles on Herman Melville in that they confine themselves to intensive studies of *Moby-Dick*.

Dr. Vincent began *The Trying-out of Moby-Dick* as a source study, but soon found himself drawn out of that narrow interest into a comprehensive study of the work of art which Melville finally created. This development of *The Trying-out* from a one-level description of *Moby-Dick* into a multi-levelled examination happens to parallel a development in the composition of *Moby-Dick* itself. Dr. Vincent shows convincingly for the first time that Melville wrote two *Moby-Dicks*. He argues that Melville first began in early 1850 to write a descriptive book on the American whaling industry dramatized in narrative form. As this manuscript was nearing completion in the late summer of 1850, a spiritual and artistic upheaval occurred in Melville, caused partly by the beginning of his friendship with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Consequently Melville spent another year in rewriting and expanding the original *Moby-Dick* into the book we now read.

After tracing the course and the artistic implications of this theory of the growth of Melville's masterpiece, Dr. Vincent devotes the bulk of *The Trying-out* to a study of the chapters from XXXII to CV in *Moby-Dick* which form what he calls "The Cetological Center." In a chapter-by-chapter examination of this central part, Dr. Vincent's chief concern has been to retrace the wide reading which Melville did in books on whaling and travel—Beale, Browne, Bennett, Scoresby, Macy, Cheever, Wilkes, and Maury—and in Bayle's *Dictionary*, in Sir Thomas Browne, Burton, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and others. Dr. Vincent was able to examine Melville's own copies of several of these sources, in which Melville checked passages and made marginal notes. He has found that Melville drew widely and frequently from these

**The Trying-out of Moby-Dick*. By HOWARD P. VINCENT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company [Toronto: Thomas Allen Limited]. 1949. Pp. xvi, 400. $6.00.
A Reading of Moby-Dick. By M. O. PERCIVAL. Chicago: University of Chicago Press [Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company Limited]. 1950. Pp. vi, 136. $3.00.

sources, both for information and for narrative structures. He concludes, however, that Melville took only what he could transmute into material usable in expressing his private vision. He also demonstrates how skilfully Melville transmuted his sources into the powerful prose and the searching symbolism which we find in *Moby-Dick*. Melville found much blubber in his "fish documents," and tried-out (rendered) most of it into poetic prose of high intensity and profundity.

And, as a good Melvillean, Dr. Vincent could not stop with this. He goes off in search of the meaning of the Great White Whale, and in the vigour of his able pursuit lies the final value of *The Trying-out*. He notes to begin with that Melville himself appears to have thought of *Moby-Dick* not as an allegory but as both realistic and symbolic. Here it is argued that the White Whale is multi-valued, and that its meanings shift. What the White Whale was to Ahab is an expanding thing; what it was to Ishmael and to others is also of vital importance, and must be used to frame and illuminate the story of Ahab in any rich reading of the text. Dr. Vincent has produced an excellent work of Melville scholarship, and also a highly readable book on the universal problem of the mysteries of creative art.

Unlike Professor Vincent, Professor Percival in his *A Reading of Moby-Dick* is only concerned with the meaning of *Moby-Dick*. He assumes that the greatness of the book is in its inspired boding forth in fictional action of the most profound metaphysical truths. He bases his insights on those of Kierkegaard, buttressed by insights from Blake, Goethe, Boehme, and Dr. Jung. *Moby-Dick*, to Professor Percival, is a search for the nature of good and evil, personified centrally in Ahab, Ishmael, and Moby Dick. His Kierkegaardian analysis reveals that a calamity which fell upon Ahab before the *Pequod* sailed has produced in him a spiritual crisis; his initial reaction is that of suffering, the feeling of isolation, and of despair. Ahab is unable to take the Stoic or the Christian path of resignation, either of which leads to peace, because he is too passionately self-willed and rebellious. Since he cannot lose himself, he must affirm himself, and this demoniac drive propels him through a mounting spiral of defiance of which the symbolic action is his search for Moby Dick. Dr. Percival wisely points out that Ahab "has his humanities," and how the "humanities" and the "inhumanities" war in Ahab until inevitably the inhumanities overwhelm him. His reading assumes that Melville has dramatized the dynamics of this spiritual drama in key scenes—chiefly the chapters entitled "The Sermon," "The Quarter Deck," "The Forge," "The Candles," "The Symphony," and in the

three final chapters. He believes that Melville evaluated the Ahab tragedy by enclosing it in the Ishmael framework, and that Ishmael was saved to tell the tale because he is the man of the most comprehensive and comprehending faith, "hard won" and "earth-bound," lyrical at moments but fundamentally sad.

Professor Percival apparently has not selected the Kierkegaard approach merely because it is fashionable, but because there is some real affinity between the tempers and insights of Kierkegaard and Melville, who, so far as we know now, did not read the Dane. This interpretation of *Moby-Dick* sacrifices some of the elements of richness in the book, but gives clarity of insight into other elements. It is a highly suggestive study that ought to send the reader back to his *Moby-Dick* again.

SHORTER NOTICES

Books of the Brave: Being an Account of Books and of Men in the Spanish Conquest and Settlement of the Sixteenth-Century New World. By Irving A. Leonard. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1949. Pp. xviii, 381. $6.25.

In the sixteenth century Spain transferred to America her whole life and culture unaltered: civil and ecclesiastical administration, universities, academies, theatres, printing presses, bookstores, and plazas —all in an incredibly short time. The New World was simply an extension of the Old, and Spaniards in Lima or Mexico lived much as they did in Madrid or Seville. In studying books read there, Mr. Leonard reviews Spanish literature of the sixteenth century, the period leading up to and including Cervantes. Chapters are devoted to romances of chivalry and *Don Quixote,* one being a conducted tour to Peru in the wake of a cargo of the first edition of Cervantes' novel.

It was a period of much creative work, intellectual endeavour, and unusual academic freedom, as well as of geographic expansion. "I like the University of Salamanca," said Samuel Johnson, "because when Charles V asked it to decide whether he was justified in taking the Indies from the natives, he was told that he was not." With the Counter-Reformation began the supervision of reading, but, as Mr. Leonard shows, restrictions on the sale of books were easily circumvented. Spaniards can generally pit secular and clerical authorities against each other and profit by the confusion.

Mr. Leonard has gone about his task the hard way, searching archives for ships' manifests and other documents. He lets the reader

share his findings about books and other matters, not the least interesting part being an account of hardships of travel by sea and land. For the general reader the work is of interest as showing a different conception of empire—at once centralized and decentralized—from what was to prevail farther north in succeeding centuries.

The question is naturally raised as to what became of the books that were shipped to America in such large numbers. Many were thumbed to pieces; others in time may have been purchased by European booksellers. Mr. Leonard accepts too readily the conclusion of one investigator that none have survived. An expert bibliophile, more familiar with the ways of rare books, could probably find some. Spanish America has famous bibliographers, but their interest has lain in Americana rather than in literature proper.

M. A. BUCHANAN

The Forms of Value. By A. L. HILLIARD. New York: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Oxford University Press]. 1950. Pp. xvi, 343. $5.00.

Three broad approaches to the theory of value are current among philosophers at the present time. At one extreme may be found the absolutists, inspired mainly by Plato or Hegel, who think of values as ontologically grounded *norms*. At the other extreme the logical positivists argue that normative propositions are "meaningless" and, therefore, all discussions about values must necessarily exhibit merely semantic confusion or emotive utterance. Attempting to achieve an Aristotelian mean between these two extremes, the empiricists maintain that value is a kind of *fact* in the world, and, as such, amenable to scientific investigation and control.

An empirical approach to values has been developed, for the most part, by such leading American philosophers as D. W. Prall, R. B. Perry, S. C. Pepper, and C. I. Lewis. In his recent book Professor Hilliard has made a notable contribution to this distinguished tradition. Inspired over twenty years ago by Hume, he has succeeded in developing a hedonistic axiology which is characterized not only by logical subtlety but also by psychological penetration of the highest order. Indeed, the distinctive merit of this book consists in the remarkable advance it makes over the traditional expression of psychological hedonism.

Using a hedonistic theory of value as an hypothesis, Dr. Hilliard analyses in detail value and its modes, the meaning of *ought*, the secondary conceptions of ethics, beauty, economic value, love, and

truth. If the treatment of these involved topics is illumined by a detailed knowledge of scientific psychology, it is also assisted immeasurably by the author's capacity to free his analysis from metaphysical obfuscations through the use of certain techniques of symbolic logic. From an elaborate and lengthy analysis three conclusions are drawn: psychological hedonism offers a foundation for a unified theory of value; all forms of value are not absolute but relative; evaluations are a form of empirical knowledge.

These conclusions are far from novel, but even the most convinced metaphysical idealist will be forced to admit that they derive new and powerful support from Dr. Hilliard's work. Hitherto it has always been fairly easy to expose the fallacies of hedonism owing to the extremely subjectivistic psychology on which the theory rested. We are now confronted with the challenge of a unified hedonistic axiology which is based on a thoroughly objective psychology. Dr. Hilliard has therefore written an important book which will be welcomed by philosophers, psychologists, and psychiatrists alike.

From the perspectives of philosophy and psychology, literary criticism in Canada has suffered from two serious defects, first the lack of an adequate conceptual framework, second the use of an outmoded subjectivistic psychology. The first defect can be remedied only through the adoption of a theory of value (which need not necessarily be that advocated by Dr. Hilliard), the second only through the assimilation of modern psychological knowledge. Whether our literary critics accept or decry a hedonistic axiology, they ought at least to profit from Dr. Hilliard's remarkable use, in a philosophical context, of scientific psychology.

JOHN A. IRVING

A Commentary on the General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. By MURIEL BOWDEN. New York: The Macmillan Company [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1948. Pp. ix, 316. $4.75.

The Preface to this book states that it is intended for three classes of readers, "those schooled in Chaucerian criticism," college students, and the general reader interested in Chaucer. If the first class is flatteringly meant to include all teachers of the General Prologue, well and good; if not, it should be expanded to include them, for they will find it invaluable. Almost every page gives striking evidence that it has been written out of sustained and immediate lecture-room experience.

It provides a much fuller treatment of the Prologue than any other book with which this reviewer is acquainted. With 316 pages of commentary on approximately 860 lines of text, a certain degree of fulness is possible. A possible misapprehension here might be created. The book is no line-by-line examination of the Prologue.

The author is well aware of the difficulty of making a book interesting and useful to the scholar and to the layman. The arrangement of material is designed to help in overcoming this difficulty. The arrangement is uniform for each chapter, and chapter III, "The Perfect Knight," will serve for illustration. With copious references to and sizable quotations from medieval sources, explanatory of specific expressions in the General Prologue, the portrait of the Knight is enlarged, until by the time the discussion is completed the reader has been given an introduction to chivalry, a detailed account of the historical military events with which the Knight has been connected, a full explanation of the important words used to characterize him, and a brief but critical comment on Manly's views as to the identity of the Knight. The most important feature in this enlargement has been the inclusion of generous quotations from sources inaccessible to almost all readers.

The emphasis has been on content, and the one grammatical remark on the number of the noun "hors" in line 74 has been relegated to the notes, otherwise used chiefly for the identification of quotations used in the chapter. It should be added that as the book proceeds, these notes are used much more extensively to relieve the general discussion in the chapter of information pertinent and curious rather than essential.

No particularly new light is shed upon Chaucer, and indeed no claims of original scholarship are made. The excellent bibliography is eloquent testimony to the thoroughness with which the author has utilized the research work of other scholars in the field. The occasional note of enthusiasm, and even the occasional speculation made less tentative than it might be, should not lessen the confidence of the reader in the integrity of the book.

J. D. ROBINS

A Short History of Chinese Art. By HUGO MUNSTERBERG. New York: Philosophical Library; East Lansing: Michigan State College Press [Toronto: George J. McLeod]. 1949. Pp. xiv, 227. With fifty plates. $6.75.

For whom did the author write this book? It is difficult to understand. If designed for the interested but fairly ignorant layman in

search of an over-all picture of Chinese art, it would bewilder and confuse him because the writer assumes that his reader has considerable knowledge of the Chinese scene. Even the student of oriental culture would have difficulty because he would frequently be confronted with statements both general and vague in nature. And a connoisseur seeking a concise summary of the whole field of Chinese art would discover many gaps in it.

Within the scope of 211 brief pages, Professor Munsterberg has attempted to make a survey of more than four thousand years of Chinese art. He includes bronzes, ceramics, paintings, and architecture as well as their historical settings. The author has set himself an all but impossible task. A successful outline is one of the most difficult books to write, for often within a few concise sentences the whole essence or spirit of an era must be crystallized. This is what, I believe, the writer has failed to do. His statements are factual rather than interpretative and thus they become too impersonal to be interesting. The salient features of the different periods of Chinese art are mentioned, but the book lacks the fresh approach, the new insight and inspiration necessary to hold the reader. Apparently the author's intentions were good in this respect because in a number of instances he replaces generally accepted theories by novel explanations, but he gives neither proof nor argument to substantiate them. In dealing with the early periods of art's history he relies possibly too much upon the work of Karlgren and gives too little attention to later research.

The interest of any book on art is greatly enhanced by the free use of illustrative material. Professor Munsterberg has included in his work a fine selection of plates taken largely from objects in the great American collections; but there is a lack of any other visual aids. The addition of a few drawings to show shapes and designs in Chinese bronzes would have been far more informative than many words of rhetoric. Similarly, a map showing the position of the centres of the more important archaeological sites would have been of great value in helping the reader to form a clearer picture of the position of the centres of early Chinese civilization. It would also have been helpful to the student had the author indicated where the more famous art objects mentioned are to be found.

The same lack of clearness characterizes other features of the book. For instance, the author's method of capitalizing and hyphenating Chinese proper names in English does not follow any commonly used system, nor is it consistent. Some unfortunate typographical errors vitiate meaning. Certain words with a tendency to stick in one's mind

are overworked, for example "sensuous" which appears four times on one page within a space of sixteen lines.

Professor Munsterberg's treatment of T'ang and Sung painting is more satisfactory than is his handling of the earlier periods. But how can anyone dismiss all creative art in China during the past two hundred years with just six lines: "The last Chinese reign which was artistically productive was that of Ch'ien lung (1736-1795), for during his rule architecture, painting and the minor arts flourished. However, the products of this age lacked both originality and vigor, and with the nineteenth century, the great art of China came to an end."

L. C. WALMSLEY

Shelley's Major Poems: The Fabric of a Vision. By CARLOS BAKER. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1948. Pp. xii, 307. $6.25.

Shelley has suffered more than any other English romantic poet from the anti-romantic reaction which began during the First World War. Matthew Arnold, long before that, designated him "a beautiful but ineffectual angel," a curiously un-Arnoldian judgment in which the reservation makes beauty and goodness seem of no real value. In the last generation not many writers have insisted that he was notably beautiful or angelic. Neo-humanists, neo-medievalists, neo-royalists, and neo-authoritarians generally have censured or merely ignored this poet who inherited the anti-authoritarian ideas of the Enlightenment and the unrealized hopes of the French Revolution and envisaged a future when liberty, equality, and fraternity would be more fully realized than ever before. In the twenties, Irving Babbitt was demonstrating that the formerly admired romantic period was actually the time of the Fall of Man, that Rousseau was Satan, the Arch-Enemy, and that Shelley was in fact an angel of sorts, rather like Beelzebub or Belial who also spoke "words clothed in reason's garb." In the thirties, T. S. Eliot, after he became "a classicist, a royalist, and an Anglo-Catholic," roundly denounced Shelley who was none of these —a judgment which has often been cited respectfully, though it has also stimulated some notable writing in his defence.

Shelley's Major Poems: The Fabric of a Vision, by Professor Carlos Baker, is an excellent example of a more recent, and welcome, kind of writing about Shelley. It is a systematic and critical study of the longer poems, from *Queen Mab,* composed when he was twenty years of age, to *The Triumph of Life* which was left unfinished at his

death ten years later—and it is admirably free from the party-line pronouncements of the previous generation. Mr. Baker not only examines the major poems separately but he traces through them the developing thought and art of a poet who was remarkably learned for his years and whose major interests included philosophy, psychology, political theory, public affairs, physical science, and imaginative literature in half a dozen languages, ancient and modern. There is perhaps nothing in the general argument of the book (as distinguished from the interpretation of individual poems) which will strike the informed reader as entirely new, but he may well be impressed by the thoroughness and persuasiveness of the study, and he may often wonder why just this kind of book was not written long ago. I cannot think of another book that so well supplements Newman White's monumental biography.

Two minor reservations—the chapter on *Epipsychidion* is less satisfactory than others because of the author's slightly touchy attitude toward the "literalists" who think that the poem was addressed to Emilia Viviani quite as much as to "one more metaphor of the Shelleyan epipsyche." Although he cites Dante's observations on the four ways of reading the *Convito,* Mr. Baker gives the impression that the transcendental interpretation is the only one that matters in Shelley's poem. Similarly, the tangled problem of the personal and literary sources of *Julian and Maddalo* seems to be oversimplified. Incidentally, Shelley's fictional name surely does not derive from the Julian Alps (p. 126), but from Julian the Apostate.

J. R. MacGillivray

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